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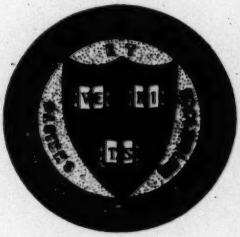

FROM THE GIFT OF

ERNEST BLANEY DANE

(Class of 1892)

OF BOSTON

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

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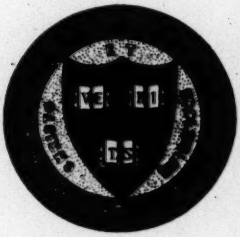

FROM THE GIFT OF

ERNEST BLANEY DANE

(Class of 1892)

OF BOSTON

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE DIARIUM, OR JOURNALL:

Divided into 12. *Jornadas*

IN

Burleſque Rhime,

OR

Drolling Verſe.

With divers other pieces of the ſame Author.

SHEPPARD

HOR.

Riſum undique, & undique quærit.

29

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the ſign of the Anchor in the lower walk of the New-Exchange. 1656.

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HARVARD COLLEGE
MAR 6 1907
LIBRARY
Gift of Ernest Blaney Dane.

To all true lovers of Mirth and VVit.

TO you, as to the onely few, I dedicate this Book, for there are not many ſo wiſe and happy now adayes. You neither thinking harm, nor doing any, and ſo have the leſſe done to you, whilſt thoſe who alwaies trouble others and themſelves, never want others to trouble them again, and ſo live wretchedly and miſerably all their lives.

Let us do then in theſe times as I have ſeen the wiſer ſort of paſſengers doe in Holland *ſhips, when the weather has been a little foul, get under hatches, and make our ſelves as merry as we can, whilſt for thoſe buſie bodies, who will needs be talking and medling above decks, I have ſeen the skipper with a good ropes end ſometimes, courteouſly intreat them to go down and not trouble them.*

Mean time thou maist entertaine thy selfe with this, which I desire thou wouldst be so charitable to believe, is no part of my Study, but my Recreation, written chiefly to divert the grief and melancholy of a certain illustrious personage, too much pressing & oppressing her noble minde, and that in as few dayes (almost) as 'tis divided into Jornadas, *with onely the allowance of some small time for the polishing it, which I have not done so accurately, but thou maist well perceive, I affect not these,* difficiles nugæ, *or studied toyes: however, if you like it, I care not, for your dull melancholy people, who never laughed since the Kings death; and relish Jests as Horses doe Italian Sallets, and French Ragouts. If they like it not, let them take* Helebore.

Farewell, and laugh, and be merry.

To the Reader.

BEtwixt Poetry & Painting there is neer relation, Poetry being but a ſpeaking Picture, as Painting a ſilent Poem. So have you Poets and Painters excellent in their ſeveral kindes. For your *Virgil*, or Heroique Poet, a *Raphael*, and *Titian*. For your *Horace*, or *Lyrique*, a *Holbeen*, and *Vandick*, repreſenting particular perſons to the life; as for your Burleſque, or Drolling Poem, a *Brughel*, and (in his kinde) *Callot*, repreſenting Groteſque & fantaſtick figures. In which way there has been fewer excellent than in any other, as being the moſt witty and ingenious, your other putting you too much on the gravity, to be alwaies witty, and having ſomewhat elſe to ſuſtaine the dignity of the perſon when that failes; but here wit is all, which failing once, the work preſently falls flat, and the Author has nothing left for his ſupport,

whoſe part, 'tis to ſuſtain the matter, and not the matter him.

Of this kinde is the Poem I preſent thee here, which when its figures are lively, and repreſentations naturall, is one of the delightfulleſt of all; where note, that as nations grow more polite and witty, they fall upon this ſtrain, it being the luxuriant branches of a flouriſhing language, and the very interiour of it, beyond the acceſſe of vulgar wits, whither (as in *China*) no ſtranger can arrive. So your *Dutch*, and more Northern nations, could never get paſt *Jack puddings*, or *Pickle-herrings*, ſtale jeſts yet, which none but *Beer brewers* can laugh at, whilſt your ſevereſt *Stateſmen*, and refinedſt *Wits* can laugh at theſe.

That I uſe ſome broad words ſometimes, 'tis but conform to the pattern I imitate: *Brughel* repreſenting, without any diſhoneſty, here a *Boor* ſhiting, there a *Boorinne* piſſing, to render the vulgar more ridiculous (are properly the ſubject of ridiculouſneſs) and whoſe follies, abuſes, and vices, are properly the ſubject of Satyre: for the reſt never was *Indian* contriving feathers into picture, more

more careful of their ſhadows, than I not to give *umbrage* unto any, who reverence Authority, honour all noble Perſons, and eſpecially am a devoted ſervant unto Ladies; yet to think to ſatisfie all objections, were to think to peel a *Bulbus* root to its laſt rinde, or ſweep an Earthen floor to its laſt grain of duſt, eſpecially here, where they underſtand *railing*, farre better than *Raillery*. Now if you ask me why I prefix not my name to this, as well as to my other works: beſides, that I count it the ſlighteſt of them all, 'tis becauſe thoſe I printed only to communicate to my private friends, but intending to make this more publique, and hating to have my name lie glaring on Book-ſellers ſtalls, I have purpoſely ſuppreſſed it here; yet ſo, as I care not (for ſatisfying thy curioſity) to take thee aſide from the Title-page, & tell thee my name is *Richard Fleckno*.

Poſt-ſcript.

To go currently and ſmoothly on, be pleaſed to correct the errors of the Preſſe, by the Errata at the end.

Entrance

Entrance into Style.

Being Diarium *to write,*
Whose Genius shall I invite?
Or of whose Muse invoke the favour
To assist me in my Labour?
Greek Aristophanes, *or* Plautus
In Latin, *where not many a fault is,*
Or in Spanish *of* Cervantes,
Excellent in's way I grant is,
Or of Scarron * le Malade,
Best yet France *has ever had;*
Or Secchia Rapita's *Author,*
In Italian *has no fault there,*
Or our English Doctor Smith,
Whose muse so bonny is, and blith,
Or, in fine, of Sir John Mennis,
For excellence yeildeth not to any's:
Faith, once Ile trust unto my own,
For trifling yeildeth unto none.

* For so he calls himself the Queens Sickman.

I. *IORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The humour of Graveſend Watermen.* 2. *The ſpirit o'th' Fiſh wives of Billingsgate.* 3. *The Towns complain, and Cripples.* 4. *The nature of your ordinary town-viſits.* 5. *And abuſe of the Beggars.*

1. FRiday the twentieth of September,
(if day o'th' month I well remember)
(I know not well what time o'th' day).
I towards *Graveſend* took my way,
Being for *London* to take boat,
Where Water-man in Livery coat,
Does in boat, as pig in ſtye,
Invite ye in freſh ſtraw to lie;
Where you all ſorts of paſſengers,
Shall encounter on the ſtairs;
And where of Company there's none failes,
To meet with Tag, and Rag, and Long-taile.
Mean time, good ſport it was to heare,
How water-men would jibe and jeer:

Has gotten now new way of jeering,
Not ungratefull to the hearing;
And *Rogue* and *Raſcall* is no more
Their Dialect as 'twas before.
Here none of them but had the art
To call his Father Knave by craft;
And all of them for th' nonce were made,
If imperfection ought you had,
To make it more ridiculous,
By their jeſting at it thus:
They'd tell an ill-lookt fellow, he has
Robb'd Jack-an-apes, and ſtolne his face,
And wry-neck they would ask with laughter,
What newes 'twas he was hearkning after?
Long noſe, they'd ſay, was good to make
Handle for Jaques, and for Crook-back,
If all trades fail'd (quoth they) he wo'd
At leaſt for Ape-carrier be good.
In fine, nothing from head to foot,
But ſomewhat th'ad to ſay unto't,
So witty, as (would you ſhould know it)
'T might well beſeem their Water-poet:
But principally he does glory
In telling of you bawdy ſtory,
Which if any woman's there
He addreſſes ſtill to her,
And you muſt laugh at, or you ſpoyle
His ſtory, and himſelfe the while.

2. To *Billingsgate* now as we came,
We ſoon perceived Water-man

To Fiſh-wife was for railing ſoole,
And well might go to her to ſchool;
Each one being ſo learned there,
She might be Doctreſſe of the Chaire,
Or *Ducking-ſtoole*; and though o'th' Tribe,
But few were well knew how to jibe,
Yet all knew well to ſcold out-right
'Alarum to th' enſuing fight,
Where each one did on each one fall,
And all were enemies to all.
Now on aboard the ſhips, like *Edgar*,
Triumphs there, and off goes head geer,
While ſhe with Elf-locks 'bout her eares,
Juſt like *Meduſa's* head appeares.
Inſtead of turning you to ſtone,
Throwing ſtones at every one;
Tother with ſave-guard off, as troubled,
As ere was dancing Dog in doublet;
In torn ſmock, with ſmall compliance,
Denounces unto all defiance;
There over and over one does come,
Lighting by chance upon her bumm;
Others more expert, juſt like Cats
Alwaies light upon their pats;
Amongſt whom there was ſuch ſtink
Of fiſh, but more of them you'd think,
Who talk of ſtink of *Paris* garden,
For wronging it ſhould ask its pardon.
Whence, whoſoever thither goes,
Thanks God for all, but Eares and Noſe,

And above all, thanks him for feet,
As we did to get out of it.
Hence we by Water paſſing *London*,
Found poor new Town almoſt undone,
With baniſhment of Cavalier,
Crying out, pity 'twas to heare.
" O Proclamation! Proclamation!
" That thou wouldſt uſe us in this faſhion,
" To take away from's all, our gueſt!
" Thou might'ſt have left us ſome at leaſt;
" And houſes not have left ſo poor,
" They're forced to weare bill on door.
" Juſt as old *Armenian* there,
" Bill upon his breaſt doth wear.
" But thou no more pitieſt poor people,
" Than *Anabaptiſt* does *Pauls* ſteeple,
" Or *Scotch Preſbyterian* does
" Fall of *Cheap*, or *Charing-croſſe*,
" Yet glad we are thou doſt begin,
" Tattered to grow on door of Inne;
" Whilſt with thee here one lights his pipes,
" Another back-ſide with thee wipes:
" Sign (as 'tis every ones deſiring)
" Thy date is very nigh expiring;
" Unleſs unto our mickle pain
" Thou chance to be renew'd again,
" With the States and Councils hand for't,
" When goodnightLodgers,goodnightLandlord.
Among the reſt; the Captain Beggar
Of Train-band has never a leg there.

In *Lincoln* fields, and *Covent* garden,
Scorning for to take a farthing,
Or ask Alms for Gods ſake either,
Clubbing wooden legs together.
Often drinks a health (in Teares
Of Kan) unto the Cavaliers.
Here ſtrait as we arrived be,
Viſits I made me two or three,
With reverence not very comely,
And complements indeed as homely;
As for example; "How do you do?
"Well I thank ye, How do you?
"Better for to ſee you well;
"What a clock is't? can you tell?
"The Sun theſe three daies has not ſhone,
"I pray now how doth ſuch a one?
"I hope 'tis for your eaſe, you put
"Not on your hat? O Lord 'tis but
"My duty: as of ſuch like ſtuff,
Town-viſits do afford enought:
And well if th'are ſo innocent,
Are now adaies for moſt part ſpent
In detraction, and in lies,
In ſlanders and in calumnies,
Reciprocally by their tongues,
Doing one another wrongs;
So th' ſubtle net of Envy's wrought,
In which ſo many ſoules are caught,
And brand of hatred's toſs'd about
Unceſſantly, that ne're goes out;

Which being now the common ſtyle,
Where's Chriſtian charity the while?
Then taking of collation light,
To lodging I return'd at night;
Link boy lighting of me home,
That *beggars* trade is now become
As *ſwitches* upon high-way is,
And *Brooms* in ſtreet where durty 'tis;
None giv ng Almes for *Gods* ſake now,
Nor none indeed e're asking't you,
Excepting *Gentleman* or twain,
Ready for to ſtarve again:
But all have trades, and who have none,
For need can offer at *Buffoon*;
Talk madly, tell you bawdy ſtory,
Or in ſome vice, or other glory:
Whence, being none are truly poore,
Charity we ſee no more.
And after good works *Faith* being gone,
Hope, with Preſumption, left alone,
Is even gone too, ſo as (in fine)
Such is the miſery o'th' Time.
Of Vertues now w'have left no more
But *Patience*, vertue of the Poore.

II. *JORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The ſtrange Company in Towns.* 2. *The ill breeding of their Children.* 3. *And nature of the Men.* 4. *The Hollanders neatneſſe, with other Occurrences, and a politick Diſcourſe on the French Peace.*

1. NExt morn, new Suit I on did ſay,
No matter who does *Taylor* pay,
For who would charge their memories
With dribbling Reck'nings, ſuch as theſe?
When they are ſure (when leaſt they mind them)
They in written Books ſhall find them;
Then *Shoomaker* being come with ſhooes,
Abroad I went to hear what newes;
When, as I walked in the ſtreet,
I not a face I knew did meet,
But ſuch ſtrange viſiognomies
As they were dropped from the skies:
(And that may be, as we ſee plain,
By *Paddocks* after-ſhower of Rain)

As Saylers wives in Coaches, and
Prentices along the ſtrand,
Whilſt their plodding Maſter's walking
In Spatterdaſhes, or dark Stocking,
And ſhining Shoo, he ſees his face
As well in, as in Looking-glaſſe,
With ſcarce a Gentleman the while,
Appearing within twenty mile.

2. Onely the durty children there,
Same things are ſtill they ever were,
Calling Rogue, and Whore, and Baſtard,
Then cuffing (or they'r counted Daſtard)
Till one or other alwaies goes
With blew eye thence or bloody noſe;
While Parent by doth ſtand and ſmile,
Incouraging them in't the while.

Mean time what would th' *Italian* ſay?
Bring up their children ſoon as they
Are born, to make their legs, aud kiſs
Their hands, with their your *Seignories*,
At every word, to ſhew their *buon'*
Greanza by't to every one:
Should they beho'd their breeding here,
(Good enough, if worſe it were.)

3. But much more would they amazed be,
Frequently in ſtreet to ſee
Men ſhoulder and juſtle one another,
As they had father kill'd, or mother,
Ravniht ſiſter, or had been
Deſtruction of all their kin:

And

And look as ſtern and furious on'um,
As they had ruin'd and undone them;
With as much glory and delight:
Doing them miſchief and deſpight
Whom before they'd never ſeen,
As deadly Enemies they'd been.
Theſe needs muſt gaine fine Reputation,
Of Civility to the Nation;
And Fame o're all the world agen,
O'th Courteſie of *Engliſh men.*
From thence I went to *Barkſhire* houſe,
Was wont to be as ſtill as Mouſe,
And wondred much, ſuch noice to heare,
And find your *Hoghen Moghens* there;
When what was't? but not long before,
'Twas hyr'd by *Dutch* Embaſſador.
Neither I thinke wi l houſe or garden
Much repent them of his bargain
4. For I was told that *Dutch* were neat,
And into back ſide ſtill would get.
To doe that buſineſſe which the *French*,
In houſe would doe (matter for ſtench)
While *Portugees* were ſuch fowle ſlovens,
They'd do't in *Chymnyes* and in *Ovens.*
For as of Hounds are ſeverall breeds,
Some in *Chambers* doe their needs:
Orher ſome againe doe ſcummer
In *Hall*, or elſe in *Parler* ſomewhere;
And others out of doors doe goe
Into *Yard*, or *Back-ſide*; ſo

You among Nations have likewiſe,
Men of ſeverall faculties
In ſhiting, 'mongſt whom we may call,
Dutch neateſt ſhiter of them all.
As witneſſes his Muſſel ſhells
You finde in *Holland*, where he dwells;
Pil'd up as Pewter is in kitchin,
In houſe of office that he ſhits in.
Which more is to be wondred at,
Since *Hans* is corpulent and fat;
Laxative *Turnep* great devourers,
And every way the greater ſcourers.
Whence, I dare ſwear, with any two
Nations, eat Roots but as they do,
They'l ſhite not onely, upon even
Hand, but ſhall give them two in ſeven.
O Neatneſſe, neatneſs! for thy ſake,
This diſcourſe ſo long I make;
Roſe of houſes, and of ſtreet,
And as that of garden, ſweet.
With fragrancy the noſe delighting,
Even of *Hollander* in ſhiting.
Bleſſing on that breech of thine,
Maketh ſuch good meat for ſwine;
And bleſſing on the ſwine agen,
Maketh ſuch good meat for men!
Here having talkt and laught, and ſo forth,
I 'bout eleven from thence did go forth
T'wards *Chelſey*, to a noble friend,
Liveth there (nigh hither end.)

For

For I know 'twould cauſe your laughter,
To ſay 'twas to woo *Mayern*'s daughter,
Though by it I might chance diſmount
Your *French* Lord, and your *German* Count.
There I having din'd, forthwith,
By water went to *Hammerſmith*,
Where I found them yet at board,
All varieties did afford,
Serv'd in with ſuch elegance,
As th'ad been *Italy* or *France*,
And with ſuch *Frontineak* met there,
Old *King James* did ne're drink better,
Worth the whiſper in the eare,
If *Toby Mathews* had been there,
Specially the Ragouts and Sallets,
Excellent for curious palats;
Which your honeſt countrey Knight,
Does compar'd to Mutton ſlight;
Your dull Squire, that nothing knows,
But Beef and Bacon, calls *Kick-ſhaws*;
And Farmer ſweares with Country-clown,
Pudding for meat quite puts it down,
While nothing that had but the name
Of wine, amiſs unto them came,
The very name of't being enough
To make them count it excellent ſtuff;
Though with *Matheglin Sack* were made,
And *French* wine daſh of *Cider* had,

Or

You among Nations have likewiſe,
Men of ſeverall faculties
In ſhiting, 'mongſt whom we may call,
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Of wine, amiſs unto them came,
The very name of't being enough
To make them count it excellent ſtuff;
Though with *Matheglin Sack* were made,
And *French* wine daſh of *Cider* had,

Or

Or 't had but *Aqua vitæ's* heat,
It excellent was unto their meat;
So't ſeem'd that wine was onely doom'd
For their palats to be ſtum'd:
Brownbread ſpirits, whoſe dull flat palat,
Not a thought is elevated,
Nor heightned 'bove the pitch it was
At, in their old fore-fathers dayes,
Happy if th' ſame tenacity,
Th'ad had o'th' faith and honeſty,
As of their fathers clowniſhneſs,
Which yet to this day they profeſs;
And here firſt I heard the news,
(Did me not ſo much amuſe)
That peace with us and *France* was made,
I was nor ſorry for, nor glad,
Who for my part do not care
With whom we have or Peace or War;
Farther than dangerous conſequence
Of wanting wine, may follow thence.
For if we'ave peace with *France*, we *Claret*
Shall have (I hope none will debar it)
And whenſoe're we have peace with *Spain*,
I hope we ſhall have *Sack* again.
However yet I ſhould be loath,
At ſame time to have war with both;
For fear o'th' dangerous conſequence,
Indeed, might chance to follow thence.

When

When we in making war with either,
Shauld have nor *Sack* nor *Claret* neither:
Both which that night I drank at *Kew*,
Where *bras deſſous*, and *bras deſſus*,
I welcom'd was, and lodg'd in Chamber,
With Curtains yellow as any Amber.

III. *JORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The deſcription of a ridiculous Congregatio
1. *The Place.* 2. *The Auditors.* 3. *And t*
Teacher.

SUnday nevt morning being come,
Thoſe who would, might ſtay at home,
And thoſe who would, to Church might go,
For none force here does ever know,
Onely when dinner-time was come,
As well thoſe who ſtaid at home,
As thoſe who to Church did go,
Muſt dine then where they would or no.

That

That done, to *Thiſtleworth* I went,
Service ſtraitwaies to preſent
To noble company was there,
Where near high-way I might heare
A *Dipper* of the neweſt cut,
Who had Congregation got,
So ridiculous, as I
Cannot but deſcribe it t'ye.
At *Thiſtleworth*, if I don't miſs,
Weekly Congregation is,
Where Architecture is not wholly
Of *Vitruvius* nor *Vignoli*,
Nor *Michael Angelo* at all,
Had hand in ſtructure of the wall;
You'd think it the *Rotunda* were,
But that was round, and this was ſquare,
Being in form (you might diſcern)
Betwixt a *Chamber* and a *Barn*,
So narrow, one does thraſh a Cock,
Has not room to ſtrike a ſtroke,
They ſitting (as in Oven heat)
In ſummer ſtewing all with ſweat,
And chimney't had to keep them hot
In winter, when their zeals would not;
Above it had no *Cupillo*, (blow,
Though wind from thence through tiles did
Nor *Muſaick* pavement more
Than father *Adam*'s earthen floor;
Window it had for to give light
To any that had eyes to ſee't.

And

And at the higher end a *Pulpit*
That would not dung if it were full ſhit ;
Garden for *Cowcumbers* in pickle,
For half the holy Conventicle,
2. For Auditors you by their features,
Would imagin them *Gods* creatures ;
But by phyſiognomies, they had
The ſillyeſt ones as ere he made,
Each one there looking ſo demurely,
As they had got the *Coliqne* ſurely,
Or ſome ſuch ſymptome had did make
Men look as th'had the belly-ake.
For men in clothes, ſome old, ſome new,
Not many beards you there ſhould view,
For fear (perhaps) leſt ſome ſhould twit
Them, that they had more haire than wit.
Jerkins weare ſome, but *Cloaks* not many,
And for *ſocks* and *cuffs* not any,
Mary for *ſtockins*, two at leaſt
They had a peice, but all were piec't ;
And for the reſt it was no newes,
To ſay they all wore cobbled ſhooes.
Now of young Maidens were good ſtore
But of good Wives were many more ;
Amongſt the reſt a bouncing Hoſtiſs,
Whoſe leg as big as any poſt is,
And flank and buttock juſt as Hogshead,
Living there hard by a Dogs head
And porridge-pot. And as for her,
She well could lie, but could not ſwear,

And of neighbours talke but odly,
If they were not of the godly ;
Sip ſhe would too, ſomewhat deep,
When they Goſſipping did keep,
And all good qualities had beſide,
Of Holy Siſter can't abide
'T have ought to doe with man of ſinne,
Whilſt godly might doe any thing,
And talke o'th Spirit what you will,
Fleſh ſhe would have enough of ſtill,
She ſomewhat ſtrait lac't now good heart
Grievouſly ſighing let a——
When one in curtſying bid *God bleſſe her*
As ſhe had *ſneez'd*, nor was there leſſer
Stinke, and Devotion 'mongſt the reſt,
Their breath all ſmelling ſtrong at leaſt,
But ſeeing (more's the pity) all,
Under proſpect cannot fall :
As in pictures where the chiefe
Perſons appear, in *bas relieve*,
Whilſt your leſſe important are,
Shadow'd to be ſeen afar,
'Tis fit at leaſt that I deſcribe,
Who was cheif *Rabbi* of the Tribe.
A tiny *Kniperdalling* Teacher ;
And withall as pretty a Preacher ;
For declining *he, ha, hum*,
As any againe in Chriſtendom,
In *Brainford* dwelleth of good faſhion,
And Man of high * determinarion,

* *Ce'ſt un determine.*

Re-

Reſolv'd to eat his bread and butter
In open ſtreets, let who's will mutter.
More lively to deſcribe the *Urchin*,
On legs like twigs of *Beſum* burchin;
He limps and doubles as he goes
Like tumbler who does kiſſe his toes,
Yet he's a man held as upright,
For one like him that haults down-right,
As any he again in *Brainford*,
The good wives there count him a Saint for't.
Ile tell ye too (now I'm i'th' vain)
He every year gets children twain,
As if they ſtill, his wife and he,
Got children under *Gemini*:
And to behold how walk they did,
You'd think he got them with his head;
For whilſt in ſtreets he limpeth by her,
She than he by th' middle higher;
Tis lechery to ſee him go,
He *butts* againſt her belly ſo.
Then you muſt know how that Baboon
Kiſſes i'th' ſtreets, even at high noon,
Though ſhe being higher than he three foot,
He's forct to ſtand on ſtoole to do't.
This man was he i'th' Pulpit ſtood
To day, for ſoule and bodies good,
Sending them edified each one,
And mightily comforted home:
All Saints, and pure, though (to be ſhort)
Never a one the better for't;

And of neighbours talke but odly,
If they were not of the godly ;
Sip ſhe would too, ſomewhat deep,
When they Goſſipping did keep,
And all good qualities had beſide,
Of Holy Siſter can't abide
'T have ought to doe with man of ſinne,
Whilſt godly might doe any thing,
And talke o'th Spirit what you will,
Fleſh ſhe would have enough of ſtill,
She ſomewhat ſtrait lac't now good heart
Grievouſly ſighing let a——
When one in curtſying bid *God bleſſe her*
As ſhe had *ſneez'd*, nor was there leſſer
Stinke, and Devotion 'mongſt the reſt,
Their breath all ſmelling ſtrong at leaſt,
But ſeeing (more's the pity) all,
Under proſpect cannot fall :
As in pictures where the chiefe
Perſons appear, in *bas relieve*,
Whilſt your leſſe important are,
Shadow'd to be ſeen afar,
'Tis fit at leaſt that I deſcribe,
Who was cheif *Rabbi* of the Tribe.
A tiny *Kniperdalling* Teacher ;
And withall as pretty a Preacher ;
For declining *he*, *ha*, *hum*,
As any againe in Chriſtendom,
In *Brainford* dwelleth of good faſhion,
And Man of high * determinarion,

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Re-

Reſolv'd to eat his bread and butter
In open ſtreets, let who's will mutter.
More lively to deſcribe the *Urchin*,
On legs like twigs of *Beſum* burchin;
He limps and doubles as he goes
Like tumbler who does kiſſe his toes,
Yet he's a man held as upright,
For one like him that haults down-right,
As any he again in *Brainford*,
The good wives there count him a Saint for't.
Ile tell ye too (now I'm i'th' vain)
He every year gets children twain,
As if they ſtill, his wife and he,
Got children under *Gemini*:
And to behold how walk they did,
You'd think he got them with his head;
For whilſt in ſtreets he limpeth by her,
She than he by th' middle higher;
Tis lechery to ſee him go,
He *butts* againſt her belly ſo.
Then you muſt know how that Baboon
Kiſſes i'th' ſtreets, even at high noon,
Though ſhe being higher than he three foot,
He's forct to ſtand on ſtoole to do't.
This man was he i'th' Pulpit ſtood
To day, for ſoule and bodies good,
Sending them edified each one,
And mightily comforted home:
All Saints, and pure, though (to be ſhort)
Never a one the better for't;

One onely excepted, that is I
Make this relation of't unt'ye.

IV. *JORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *A few particular Occurrences.* 2. *With the adventure of the Rat.*

NExt day afforded little matter
Of novelty, by land nor water,
For betwixt lying too long abed,
And dining late too, as we did,
Before you, *What is this?* could say,
Morning and noon were past away;
Whence it was late e're I could go
abroad as I was wont to do:
Go, did I say? nay, there I ly'd,
For I, to tell you true, did ride
Though without boots, the way being short,
And clean, not worth pains taking for't;
First to *Richmond*, then to *Twicknam*
(Whereſoever it got that nick-name)
Where I a Lady went to ſee,
Of noble and of high degree,

Whilſt

Whilſt at *Richmond* I ſaw none
That I knew, but onely one,
Who they ſay (Gods bleſſing on her)
Was the Lady of the Manour,
Has made the town now (with the Court gone)
Little better then *Hogs-norton*;
From whence I went againe to *Kew*,
I ever make my *Randevous*,
(Since *Aſturly* has quitted cleer
The noble Company was there)
Nor know I no where company,
And place that better do agree;
For faire's the place, the company faire,
Pure good they, pure good the aire.
When going to bed, adventures that,
By day were wanting, were by *Rat*
Supplied by night, from ſleep did wake
Me with the rattling noyſe 't did make,
In gnawing candles end (plague choak him)
While firſt I gently thus beſpoke him:
" Prethee Rat when I'm a bed,
" Do not trot it o're my head,
" And find out ſome other place,
" For thy gallop and thy pace,
" Nor with trampling thou doſt keep,
" Offer to diſturb my ſleep,
" And if thou'lt have me for friend,
" Let alone the candles-end,
" Needs muſt be too fat and greazy
" For a ſtomack weak and queaſie,

" Rather go a little farther
" To the Dairy and the Larder,
" To the Cellar, or the loft,
" Places thou frequenteſt oft,
" Where thou choice of food maiſt finde
" Far more pleaſing to thy minde.
" There thou maiſt thy body feaſt
" With *Lard* and *Bacon* of the beſt,
" Dainty Pears and Apples mellow,
" For their ſavour have no fellow;
" With a hundred other cates,
" Junkets for the King of *Rats*.
" There like *Anchoret* ere th' art dead,
" Thou maiſt delve thy *Grave* in bread,
" Or like *Hermit*, if thou pleaſe,
" Make thy *Cell* in hollow cheeſe;
" There in gnawing pulſe or ſeeds,
" Thou maiſt nibble o're thy *beads*,
" And get thee reputation by't,
" Of *holy Rat* reformed quite.
" So maiſt meet with no miſhap
" Of ſuttle engine, ſnare, nor trap.
" Nor preſidious bridge o're water,
" For to make thee drop in after:
" So may none with poyſonous bait
" For thy ruine lie in wait,
" Nor Ratcatcher of's wonted manner
" Fright thee with his hideous banner;
" So maiſt thou avoid the Cat,
" Deadly enemy of Rat:

" Nor

" Nor ever any miſchief have
" To bring thee to untimely grave,
" But maiſt thou live till thou art old,
" And a numerous race behold,
" For thy ſolace often may
" Dance about thee when th'art gray;
" For thy muſick ſqueeking loud,
" Making thee both glad and proud:
" And laſt when life for death thou change,
" Maiſt thou in ſome barn or grange,
" Buried in freſh ſtraw remaine,
" And lye there till thou ſtink again.
But afterwards he growing more
Bold and inſolent than before;
Fit it was in ſeverer ſtrain,
Thus to threaten him again,
That if *Rat* had any grace,
'T might make him better then he was;
If not, and was no hope of that,
'We might conclude him reprobate.
" Then farewell patience, ſince I ſee
" Thou but abuſeſt it and me,
" And my goodneſſe makes thee worſe,
" Tis time to take another courſe.
" Then as in *Ireland* they do,
" Rhyme *Rats* to death with verſe or two,
" So'll I thee, if Art don't faile,
" And ſend thee hence with ſtraw in taile,
" Born of that race of Vermine on's,
" That *Egypt* was ſo plagu'd with once,

" Or of thoſe eat, the Prince at *Mentz*,
" And lineally deſcended thence.
" So, thou doſt of race proceed,
" Not onely of *Thief* but *Homicide*.
" Can nothing but whole candles now,
" Serve thy turn, thou Raſcall, thou?
" Reproach I ſhould be loath to put
" On any of thy grave black-coat,
" But thou forgetting manners, I
" May well forget civility.
" Light! we ſhan't ſhortly dare to ſleep
" Without Halbert-watch to keep,
" To defend our eares and noſe,
" And thou'lt be nibbling at our toes,
" And fingers ends, let thee alone,
" But with a plague Ile ſet thee gone,
" If *Ratſbane*, or the *Cat* can do't,
" *Traps* or *Ratcatcher* to boot,
" Or any vertue's in a charm,
" To wave thy farther doing harm,
" Then by the formidable Pat,
" Of thine enemy, the Cat.
" By her fierce and cruel gripes,
" Piercing to thy guts and tripes;
" By her ſucking of thy blood,
" Which ſhe findes ſo ſweet and good,
" By the pain that's in thy belly,
" VVhen with *Ratſbane* they do ſwell ye,
" Or *Trap-door* does on thee fall,
" Squeezing out thy life and all.

Get thee gon ere I do arm
Me 'gainſt thee with a ſecond charm;
And upon this, and greater pain,
Preſume not to return again.

V. *TORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The Horſes devotion at* Brainford. 2. *The Maids petticoats there ſomewhat of the ſhorteſt.* 3. *The Citizens fiſhing.* 4. *The Bargemens rudeneſſe.* 5. *And manner of drinking healths.*

FOr Tueſday, which was next day after,
Having ferried o're the water
To *Brainford*, where 'twas market day,
Coaches ſome I met on way.
Lecture going for to here
Every market day preacht there,
Horſes who to *Church* went foremoſt,
Seeming in their zeales the warmeſt:
For they two are Auditors,
By th'peoples anſwers plain appears,
Who askt what Lecturer ſed, do ſay,
The Horſe does know as well as they:

Nor ought it to appear ſo ſtrange.
If times but one point more do change
T'have Horſes go to Churches now,
As well as Men, ſince you'l allow
Bodies of Horſes were in *Pauls*,
Though builded 'twas for Chriſtian ſoules;
And ſuch was their profaneneſſe! ſome
To *Horſes* have given *Chriſtendome*.

2. Now Coaches paſt it was good ſport,
Wenches in petticoats ſo ſhort,
And ſhorter Lockrum ſmocks the while,
To ſee tumbling o're the ſtile,
As thanks unto their ſcanty cloathing,
You half their breech might ſee for nothing,
And tother half I do not know
Whether't worth ſeeing was or no.
At which if any be offended,
This geer may ſhortly be amended,
When new Reformers are at leiſure,
For petticoats t' appoint a meaſure,
That your young men with their peering,
Nor your old for all their leering,
Mayn't ſee ſo farre in maidens carriage,
As may chance to mar their marriage.

From *Brainford* then, for mornings walk,
I o re to *Thiſtleworth* did ſtalk,
Juſt as *Crane* or *Hernſhaw* does,
When over *Bog* or *Marſh* it goes,
To take leave of every one,
Being on next day to be gone,

Where

3. Where Fiſherman I ſaw in brook
Angling, who juſt nothing took,
Yet thither was he come from *London*,
Complaining trading was quite undone,
And if he hoped for to mend it,
By his fiſh when God ſhould ſend it:
Faith, even fair he fiſhed has,
And caught a frog, as proverb ſayes.
So by water home I went,
And thus was all the morning ſpent.

The Citizens fiſhing faire, & catching a Frog.

4. Onely (on way) we met with Weſtern barge, with whom there is no jeſt,
Their wits being heavy as barge, whilſt merry
Waterman was light as Wherry;
But rayling, was in earneſt all,
As ſoon you'd finde, and do but call
Them *Pugs*, and ſee what coyle they'd keep,
Ask *Who was hang'd for ſtealing ſheep?*
Rude Rogues have nought but *ſhit and turd*,
And *kiſſe mine arſe* at every word,
And without mannerly preface
Of *Sir reverence*, name their *Arſe*;
Whom you would ſay, do juſt appeare
In white ſhirts, and their hempen geer:
Whilſt one does lead, another followes,
Like *Morris dancers* to the gallowes;
But hands I waſht, and fingers from them,
And nothing have to ſay unto them,
For feare of Proverbs two, that ſay,
Ill medling 'tis with ſuch as they.

And firſt is (if I ben't beguil'd)
Who touches pitch ſhall be defil'd;
And for ſecond, 'tis (I think)
The more they ſtirre, the more they ſtink.
After dinner horſe I took,
And againe ferrying over brook,
My horſe ſtarting at windmills ſight,
Ran me away with all his might;
I could not till I came to *Twiford*,
Get him ſtop if I ſhould die for't.
From thence we gallopt o're to *Acton*,
VVhere ale, and beer, and wine, we lackt none:
Though for my part in countrey town,
Rarely with palat wine goes down,
Has had far better bringing up,
Such traſh in belly e're to put,
As mungrel balderdaſh *Mine Heer*,
Dutchman has ſtummed for us there,
VVho loves ſo well our beere to brew,
Our very wine he'll brew us too.
Mean time we two might over-hear,
Drinking deep in next room were;
Helter, skelter healths, quoth one,
Here's to the beſt in Chriſtendome;
Let 't come, ſaid tother, I'm content,
And here's to th' Sun i'th' firmament;
A health which none, I think, that's wiſe,
Doos well know what it ſignifies;
In Tavern cipher, uſ'd of late,
By thoſe make drinking matter of State,

VVho

Who, to every wiſe mans thinking,
Matters of State have marr'd by drinking:
More to hear I was afeard,
Had againſt good manners err'd,
T' have heard ſo much, but that I cou'd
Not chooſe, the *Cockſcombs* talkt ſo loud,
Who wiſh, who ere does ſtretch an eare,
Others diſcourſe to over-heare,
May have them ſtretcht on pillory
For it next market day, for me.
Thus with *their ſun i'th' firmament*,
Drinking of healths ſo long they went,
And we tarried ſo long, the *ſun*
Out of the firmament was gone:
When we galloping thence i'th' dark,
Whilſt doggs behinde at horſe-heels bark,
Children had eat their bread and butter,
And Clowns and Labourers were at ſupper
The Owle with its *to whit, to whoo,*
Hooting all the way we go:
I came to *Kew* with weary crupper
Juſt as they ſate down to ſupper.
For as natural Philoſophy,
Tells you ſome things, nigher they lye
To the fire, warmer grow,
And that is ſtrange you'l ſay now ſo;
My crupper, Ile aſſure you, more
I ride, more ſtill it waxeth ſore,
So after ſupper having ſed
Good night to all, I went to bed,

VVhere

Where ſnugging I did ſleep, lik top,
Till next morn mine eyes were ope.
This manner I concluded Tueſday,
You will ſay was no great news day.

VI. *IORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *His weary journy to* Kenſington, *and choler at it.* 2. *The Hollanders devotion to Turnips.* 3. *A ſurvey of Hyde-park.* 4. *The Poets folly.*

1. AND now *Aurora* bluſhing red,
Came ſtealing out of *Titans* bed,
Whilſt the *hours* that ſwiftly run,
Harnaſs'd the horſes of the *Sun.*
Now *Chantecleer* with ſtretcht-out wings,
The glad approach of *Phœbus* ſings,
While *Bats* and *Owles*, and birds of night
Were all confounded, put to flight.
All which is onely for to ſay
In *Poets language*, that 'twas day,
Might have been ſed in word or two
As well, without all this ado,
But that 't does pleaſe Maſter of Schooles
To render all their Schollers fooles,
By canting language ſignifies
Nothing at all unto the wiſe.
Now with the Sun I riſing too,
Kind leave took of all at *Kew*,

And

And going to *Thames* ſide (having got
Breakfaſt in belly) call'd for boat,
With *London hey*, or *London ho*,
Whether o'th' two I do not know,
VVith intention that day
To hedge in *Kenſington* i'th' way,
VVhere much noble company
And freinds good ſtore I had to ſee;
Now on the way in boat I took
Footman or boy of Colonel *C*—
VVho told me *Fulham*, nigheſt place
To *Kenſington*, for landing was,
And had the impudence the while
T'aſſure me it was but a mile,
VVhen I had full three miles to go,
Plague on him did not tell me ſo:
Kibes on his heels, Corns on his toes,
Still may he have where ere he goes:
And be his pumps when he does travel
Alwaies full of ſand and gravel.
Pardon me that I diſimbogue
VVith choler thus againſt the Rogue;
Had plot infallibly to make me
Footman too as well as he;
VVhile this h'as onely gotten by't,
To mar of me a *Footman* quite.
2. Now whilſt o're fields I walkt along,
My comfort was 'twas all among
Turnips, ſweet *Turnips*, which the *Dutch*
Honour and eſteem ſo much;

They

They count by them their Origin,
How many *Turnip eaters* have been
O'th' family, whence *ſwine* and they
Are ſomewhat near akin! hey ſay.
Calling't their *Manna* ſent from Heaven,
Such as to *Iſraelites* was given;
Nay, as their *Leeks Egyptians* dud,
Turnips they even account their God,
Singing *Hymnes* unto its praiſe,
As Ethnicks did in antient dayes.
" O *Divine Turnep*, thou and *Butter*,
" How often have you made us ſqutter?
" Dunging our *Land* with what comes from us,
" Till't even becomes a *Land of promiſe*.
" Thou art our Apple, raw we eat,
" And roaſted, thou art all our meat;
" Thou art our ſweetmeats which we ſtrait
" Convert into *ſwines marmalet*,
" Whence th'art (to end) our Indies too,
" As *Goldfinders* full well do know.
Here I did ſee our noble friend, [*Cor.* J.S.
Whom well again I pray God ſend,
To heare news was much comforted,
How 'twas reported he was dead,
And *God* grant when of us they do
Report ſo, we may hear ſo too.
3. From thence o're *Hyde-park* way I took,
To ſee how all things there did look,
And trees I found as many there
As on bald crown you ſhall buſh haire,

Taile

Tayle on *Ape*, or as you'l have
Beard on *Evnuchs* face to ſhave,
Which in plain Engliſh, is juſt none,
So you ſhould ſee where Coach had gone;
Ground look juſt like gald horſe back,
That here and there does plaiſter lack,
All broken out in boyles and blotches,
Where had gone, or horſe, or coaches,
They even hiring't out to you,
As Hackney men their horſes do,
Which for your money you may ride,
In ſpur-galling both flank and ſide.
4. Here now are two compariſons,
In conſcience worth at leaſt two crowns,
Though you, I warrant, would be loath
To give your half a crown for both:
So are *Poets* oft deceived,
Imagining they have conceived
Fancies more precious then gold,
Till all abaſhed they behold,
Going to maket with their wit,
Nothing's to be bought with it;
But all with ready money, they
Seldome, or never, have to pay:
But let that paſſe, and ſo let us
To journeys end, which ended thus
'Bout *Cock-ſhut* time I came to town,
So weary, I was forc'd t' lie down,
And weary limbs to reſt in bed,
Juſt like dogg that's ſurbated,

Or horſe that's foundred, chooſe you whether;
Being as tir'd as both together,
As much the while, in reſt rejoycing,
As *Youngſter* after long deboyſhing;
All durty, juſt as one had been in
Tavern three dayes, and ne're chang'd linnen:
And thus this day of *Mercury*
Did go but very hard with me.

VII. *JOR-*

VII. *IORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *How he reſted next day.* 2. *A fray betwixt a Drayman and Carman.* 3. *The Citizens couſening and equivocating.*

THurſday I reſted, not as *Jew*,
Nor *Chriſtian*, on their *Sabbaths* do,
Abſtaining from all ſorts of work,
Nor as on *Friday*, *Moore*, and *Turk*;
Nor as more ridiculous,
Reformed Phariſean does,
Abſtaining even from being merry:
But onely indeed 'cauſe I was weary,
Finding juſt my pettitoes
Like *Teags*, or *Iriſhman*, that goes
Hundred mile on Maſters errant,
Without reſting, ake I warrant;
Or juſt like Dog that limping goes,
Having in embers ſing'd his toes,
Licking tenderly his vamp,
Or like man that had the cramp:

With my journey day before,
Having walkt five mile and more,
Perceiving then my feet ſo ſore,
I'de o'th' *Infantry* be no more;
But mounting me for *Cavelry*,
Out I went me, horſe to buy,
With all Requiſits beſide,
Out of town next day to ride.
When in paſſing on my way,
I chanc'd to ſee a doughty fray
'Twixt a *Drayman* and a *Carman*,
(Hap what would, could home no harm an;)
Such a fight they did preſent there
As was 'twixt *Lapithe* and *Centaur*,
Or 'twixt *Grecian* and *Trojan*,
All in earneſt without dodging:
But not to hold you in ſuſpence
With Poets wonted eloquence,
Writing one blow with their pen
Longer then they'r fighting ten.
First *Carman* lightly skirmiſhed,
With whip in hand, but ſmall hurt did
Whilſt ſturdy *Drayman*, juſt like Oxe,
With *Leaver* down my *Carman* knocks,
(And unto wrong uſe it did put,
To ſtrike down, made for lifting up)
With blow infallibly had been dead,
But that it light upon his head;
Gramarcy, gentle nature gave him
Head onely from blows to ſave him:

When

When Drayman ſtraitwaies went away,
Marching in triumph with his Dray,
Leaving th' people loudly bawling,
And Carman in the kennel ſprawling,
Till we ſaw, a little after,
To ſome's pitty, others laughter,
Carman ſcrabbling up, and rubbing
Head full gently, and taile ſcrubbing,
Away go, wiping hands on ſhirt,
As he ne're had any hurt;
Threatning Drayman that was parted,
He would ſee him to *Tyburn* carted.
But now in buying Ile tell ye how
Your Citizen will couzen you,
Which 'twould never anger one
So it were but kindly done;
But whilſt *French*, *Italian*, and
All nations ſell with hat in hand,
Nay *Jew* even with bended knee,
Onely your Engliſh tradeſman, he
Scorns forſooth to put off hat
(He keeps ſuch gravity and ſtate)
Nay, the whilſt you buy his ware,
H' expects, I think, you ſhould ſtand bare,
Couſning you ſo ſquemiſhly,
So grumly and ſo ſurlily;
As for my part Ile beſworn
I'de rather he ſhould let't alone,
Above all of your *yea and nay*
Man, take eſpecial heed I pray;

As of him ſticks not to ſwear,
'Tis true as is that light ſhines there,
When be aſſur'd he couſens ye,
For 'tis all falſe light you ſee:
Nor more are y. to truſt that other
Tells ye, he uſes ye as his Brother,
Although in that he tells ye true,
For he'l both couſen him and you.
So I well couſned, went to lodging,
Where paying houſe went without dodging,
And taking leave of *Landlady*,
Shee, tender ſoule, began to cry,
Being one o'th' Good-wives of the City,
Cries out at every thing, *'tis pitty*,
With *woe*, *alas*, and *well aday*;
At ever thing that comes in way;
So ſhee'd go ſee young Kitlings drown'd,
And ſtra t would fall into a ſound:
At *Tiburn* ſo, men hang'd ſhee'd ſee,
And then cry out moſt pitiouſly,
Lord! What a proper man he was?
What pity 'twas h'ad no more grace!
With hundred of ſuch exclamations
Would make a hanging man loſe patience,
And then would weep a fortnight after,
So as it would move your laughter.
Then ſeeing ye bleed, ſhee'd ſwown againe,
And ſigh when any were in pain;
And if you finger chanc'd to cut,
She ſtrait would Cob-web on it put,

And

And Mouſe-skin on your heel, when you
Chilblane or Kibe had, and then too,
If your *Toe* but chanc'd to ake,
Shee'd *Poſſet* ſtrait, or *Cawdle* make;
And binding Kercheif 'bout your head,
Lay you carefully in bed:
Nor would ſhe forget ye than,
Iriſh rug and warming-pan,
Nor cloſe-ſtoole, nor chamber-pot,
You might be ſure ſhould be forgot.
Such was my honeſt Landlady,
Tenderly wept to part with me.

VIII. *JORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The terrible adventure of the Dog and the Hog.*
2. *With his unfortunate voyage in* Surrey.

NOw Friday came, your old wives ſay,
Of all the week's the unluckieſt day,
Journey to take, or work to do,
And I for my part found it true;
Being day, on which't might well be ſed
No butter 'd ſtick upon my bread,
1. Firſt adventure then I had,
(Like mighty *Hub-bub* to have made)
In *Southwark* was, where finding fray
'Twixt *Hog* and *Dog* upon the way;
To part them I gave *Hog* a laſh,
Who headlong ran me at firſt daſh
Upon Apple-womans ſtawle,
And down went Basket, fruit and all;
Mean while *Dog* all afrighted, ran
To Potters ſhop, and down fell pan,
Pots and Pipkins a whole dozen,
Potter ſtanding with hands in boſom.

This

This seeing, starts up, *Dog* to scare,
And broke as many for his share;
When he exclaiming loud 'gainst *Dog*,
And she as loud agen 'gainst *Hog*:
Neighbours hearing of their voyce
(Are naturally friends to noyse)
Came running to see what was matter,
When one laments a broken platter,
Tother agen does even shed teares
For black pot that had lost his eares,
Nor others wanted, who were sad
For pipkin, and mischance it had,
Whilst every one concerned were,
In losse of somewhat that was there;
Disanimated and dejected,
As every one stood most affected.
Now for the Apple-woman, she
Had friends too, 'mong the Infantry:
(The boyes I mean) came running there
To help her gather up her ware;
But as in *fires* there's more do run
For plunder, than for quenching them;
So did these Rogues with Apples do,
For one they gather'd, eat up two;
Mean time one o'th' busiest spy'd
Me, how I fast away did ride,
Running as Country-woman does
When the Beats are broken loose,

Or like Dog with ſquib at taile,
Wondring what he does aile,
Or what a divel is the matter,
Hearing behinde him ſuch a chatter,
And loudly cried after me,
Work I'd done I ſhould come ſee;
VVhen I my ſelf o'th' trouble freeing,
Said I'de believe it without ſeeing:
And more they cried to me to ſtay,
More I ſpurr'd and rid away,
Till paſt Sir *Georges* Church being got
Then let them come, I fear'd them not.

2. Then riding down to *Meſtam*, where
I had not been this many a yeare;
Quite over *Croydon* race (God ſave it)
Journey a dog would not have it;
For my comfort there being come,
I found juſt no body at home.
After ſixteen long miles riding,
In ſuch waies was no abiding;
Stumbling moſt oft in the dark,
Hand the while I could not mark,
VVandring every foot from road,
As *Robin Goodfellow* were abroad;
Puck, the fairies with their hobblings,
VVith all the crew of thoſe Hobgoblins,
VVith which babes ſo frighted be,
Dexil take *Meſtam* for't for me.

Next to be forc'd to take up Inne,
Where none but *Carrier* ere had been;
And where I nothing found for ſupper
But onely courſe brown bread and butter
Upon table, cloath had been in
Scotland, mourning with their linnen,
With *mare mortuum* of beer,
Dead is, even any where,
Full of hundred drowned flies,
For me to write their Elegies;
Judge how delicious this muſt be,
Devil take *Meſtam* for't for me.
Then in going to bed to have
Courſe winding-ſheet as 'twere in grave,
To wrap me in, and Coverture,
Which whoſoever could endure
Whilſt he liv'd, I'd gi'm this bleſſing,
He ſhould never die by preſſing;
A huge Iriſh rug would ſmother
Any one whom it did cover,
And greaſie Tapeſtry to boot,
Loading you from head to foot.
Then wench with hands all hatcht with durt,
Safe for any's doing her hurt,
With greace and ſoot did ſo beſmutch her,
But with tongs there's none would touch her;
Ugly as the Devils Damm,
Or as Hagg of's lineage came:

Bel-

Belzebub to have her ſoule,
D'not lye with her ſhe was ſo foule,
And laſtly, for my greater eaſe,
A whole warren of ſtarved fleas
Grazing on me, that did keep
Such friſking, as I could not ſleep,
Once to make end of Littanie,
Devil take *Meſtam* for't for me.

IX. *Iornada.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The baſhfulneſſe of the Gentlewomen.* 2. *And want of breeding of Countrey Gentlemen.* 3 *The deſcription of a monſtrous Belly.* 4. *And the ſeveral paſſages of a Country Faire.*

NExt morning having ſaddled Cut,
Spurres unto his ſides I put,
And 'way toward *Aſhſted* ſtrait did ride
Some ſeaven miles off on tother ſide
Of *Banſted* downs nigh *Epſum* wells,
Where noble company there dwells;
With whom in coach I after dinner
(Though before I nere had been there)
Though *Leatherhead* went to *Buckham* town,
Where Faire was kept of great renown,
And where at Knights houſe (God be thanked)
VVe entertained were with banquet.
Good ſport it was, mean time to ſee
How Country Gentlewomen would be
Quite out of countenance at ſight
Of noble ſtranger, and ſo quite

Stunn'd

Stunned and bemoped with't, they'd ſtand,
Not knowing to move eye nor hand;
And in that pudder and diſmay,
Would mumping ſit, or ſlink away,
Looking like the verieſt Meacocks
As ere came from making Hay-cocks.

2. Then would your Country-Gentlemen
Be out of mood as much agen,
And as ſurly, and as grum
As they new from plough did come;
This puffs and ſwells like *Turkey-cock*,
Untill he ready was to choak,
That with choler, heats and glows,
Making a looking-glaſſe of's noſe,
Maundring in minde, and ſaying, "That he
"No more car'd for their company,
"Than they for his, and he to them
"Would ſpeak as little as they to him;
Right nature, diſpoſition and
Humour of home-bred *Engliſh man*:
From thence we going to the fayre,
Found hundred things to laugh at there,
(As God forgiv's, w'are but too prone
(Indeed) to laugh at every one.)

Firſt ſight we ſaw (yet) was a Monſter,
Amaz'd us when we ſaw it once ſtir;
For firſt we ſaw a belly, and than
By degrees we ſaw a man,
But ſuch a man, as I muſt tell ye,
Like dutch *Jugg* was even all belly,

Moving

Moving feet with pace as ſlow
As *Snaile* doth creep, or *Tortiſe* go,
Yet with that pace he'd go they ſay
For a need, ſix yards aday.
Oh how'd a *Ballad maker* now
Triumph, ſhould I but tell him how
He us'd to wiſh when he was young,
Would I might never ſtir ſo long.
Till's monſtrous belly grew ſo faſt,
He could not ſtirre indeed at laſt,
With "*Oh good people be warned by this*
"*How any harm to your ſelves you wiſh,*
"*For you one time or another ſhall ſee,*
"*Sure as a club 'twill happen t'ye.*
This man but ill adviſed had been,
'Mongſt other monſters he was not ſeen;
For pence apiece there in the faire
Had put down all the Monſters there,
Who Sir *John Falſtaff* made an aſſe on,
And of Goodman *Puff* of *Barſon*;
And, were his leggs but anſwerable
To his belly, he'd be right able,
Without ſtilts on leggs alone,
O're *Pauls* ſteeple to have gone;
Whence we great damage may account it,
His belly was no better mounted.
Now if any angry grow,
For ſtaying ſo long I'de have them know
His belly ſtood ſo in our way,
Spight of our teeths he made us ſtay,

And

And 'twas an hour, not to bely him,
Ere there was any passing by him,
Just as in Bridewell-dock we see,
If any *Lighter* chance to be,
What doe a little Wherry has
Along by that huge bulk to passe;
Or as where Mountain nigh we are,
All farther prospect does debar,
We nothing see but it, untill
We over-passed have the hill;
So passing him, and gotten clear,
Strait other objects 'gan appeare,
And w'ad full prospect of the Faire,
And all the persons that were there.
Here one to market brings his *Bullock*,
Praying *God* to send him good luck;
There one sells Cow, and having money,
Kisses her, saying, farewell dear hony:
Then does with trickling teares protest
In *Surrey*'s not a better beast.
Having enough of Beasts, we went
Where Israelites did pitch their tent,
The *Jews* I mean, o'th' fripperie,
Where your Clowns does old suits buy;
And from thence, where Country women
Houshold-stuff do buy, and linnen;
But the cream of all the Faire
Was where the tippling houses were,
Where good sport 'twas to see the Clown,
Some swearing *'snailes*, and others *'snowns*,

Kindly

Kindly ſalute with' thump o'th' back,
At meeting, and at parting, thwack
O're ſhoulders (dog 'd not be bang'd);
With *Farewell ſirrah and be hang'd*:
Each one with crab-tree ſtick in hand,
With new ſhooſtrings and clean band,
Ribbon red, or blew, in hat,
How broad! matter 'tis for that;
All as courteous as Beares,
Falling together by the eares
Upon every light occaſion,
And upon as light perſwaſion:
With double Jugge made friends again,
(God knows how long they'll ſo remain.)
Then for the Country wenches, they,
You may be ſure, were ſpruce and gay;
One ſimpering, and another tit
Bridling, and nicely pacing it;
And from head to foot but take them
Fine, as fine white gloves could make them,
Tawdry lace, fring'd petticoat,
With linnen, had not on't a ſpot,
Murrey ſtockins, and blew ſhooe-ties,
Whilſt the Clowns, as was their duties,
Chiefly thoſe who ſweethearts wear,
Gave them the courteſie o'th' Faire,
With green Gowns, and Cakes and Ale,
Where there beſt were, and moſt ſtale.
Then Country children over head
And eares in Flawnes and Gingerbread.

Here

Here the little ones are ſquawling,
There the great ones crying and bawling;
Here one whiſtling, there one drumming,
As one went, another coming,
Making ſuch a din and noyſe,
One could not heare anothers voyce.
But of this, and ſuch like ſtuff,
This aconſcience is enough.

X. *IORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The parallel of the Blackſmiths and the Parſons.* 2. *The Clowns joviality ſpoyled.* 3. *With the famous Hiſtory of* Tony.

TWo Bells next morn with mighty dyn,
Pariſhones did all ring in
To Church, which was the houſe ſo near,
We Sermon *out of bed* might heare,
Where honeſt *Vicar*, as fame ſayes,
Had been a *Black-ſmith* in his dayes,
And had as much adoe, no doubt,
To hammer now his Sermons out,
As ever he had hereto—fore
Iron barre, or nayle of doore;
Nay, he was ſtill by Metaphor
O'th' ſame trade he was before,
With hammer of the word of God,
On their eares ſtill laying load,
Puffing and blowing to ſet fire on,
Their ſtubborn heart as hard as Iron,

Which he makes Hob-naile, or Plough-ſhare,
As they Hynds or Carters were,
Though for the moſt part, not to wrong them,
He could make but Hobnailes on them;
So the Blackſmith, as the Parſon
Ale bench oft does ſet his arſe on;
So honeſt Smug, as honeſt Vicar
Can alwaies tell ye wher's beſt liquor,
So for old knockers both were couzens,
Both getting children by the dozens.
But let that paſſe, and proceed we,
Who after Prayer-time went to ſee
Houſe (if you antient Records look)
Belong'd once to Sir *Robert Cook*,
For Garden, Wood, and Bowling-green,
A prettier place you have not ſeen,
Where ſupping in good time, we took
Coach, and went home by nine o'th'clock.
2. Now I obſerved on the way,
How clownes were nothing nigh ſo gay,
And merry as th' were wont to be
In dayes of myrth and jollity,
When piper ſtriking up, would make them
Every one to legs betake them,
And all the harm to them ſunk down,
Which ſetling now in head of Clown,
Hatches diſcontentment there,
VVhich we all have cauſe to feare,
And to wiſh agen thoſe dayes,
VVhen in harmleſſe ſports and playes,

They

They Feaſt-dayes ſpent, and Sundayes even,
Never the farther by't from heaven,
They being then as godly too,
And more perhaps than they are now.
To which purpoſe ſtory Ile tell,
If you'l liſt and mark it well.
An Engliſh Merchant-man by hap
From *India*, doubling the *Cape*,
Light upon a *Cafre* there,
Of all Moores moſt barbarous are,
VVith whom t' eat raw fleſh was ſmall matter,
They playing * their *Diable a quarter*.
This he into *England* brought,
And Chriſtian Religion taught,
And, howſoere about it came,
He honeſt *Tony* had to name,
Speaking *Engliſh* well withall,
As ere a *Tony* of them all.
Then having learnt to wear his clothes
Neatly, unto ſchoole he goes,
VVhere having been well whipt, he did
Like any Chriſtian body read,
And went to Church diligently,
Following Maſter, dog and he;
VVhen he of Sermon the whole ſumme,
Could repeat at coming home;
For he chiefly loved Sundayes,
'Cauſe he work'd not as on Mondayes,
And would well, as't did appear,
It would a laſted all the year;

* The Divel in plain Engliſh.

For o're a Bible he would ſoam
The whole day long, let him alone,
Who ſtrait in reading Holy writ
Became a mighty Proſelite,
And a notable doe he kept there,
With interpreting of Scripture:
O'th' *Pocalyps* he knew each letter,
And could expound it no man better;
Had ſtill in mouth *Phares* and *Techel*,
And could gueſſe ſhrewdly at *Ezekiel*;
He read whole Genealogies,
And counted ancient Patriarchs wiſe,
That they ſo many wives did keep,
And ſo many flocks of ſheep:
Story of *David* and *Berſheba*,
He knew, and how with her he lay,
And was therewith much edifi'd,
Then he would cite ye text beſide
Out of *Matthew*, *Luke* and *Paul*,
As if th'ad been *hail fellows all.*
For turning up then white o'th' eye,
He could do it excellently;
And through the noſe too, ſpeak for need,
When he thanks gave, or did read,
Having in every thing right twang,
Of the pure and holy Gang.
This his Maſter ſeeing, who
Was very zealous, you muſt know;
He thought ſhould *Tony* but return
To the land where he was born;

He

He would not leave woman nor child
Unbaptiz'd, nor unreconcil'd;
Nor ſhou'd there be a man or beaſt,
That was not civiliz'd at leaſt,
So furniſhed with his inſtructions,
And a few other deductions;
Tony a ſhore was left, and he
Voyage went on proſperouſly,
Hoping at his return to ſee
Wonders wrought by *Anthony*:
VVhen going a ſhore, whom ſhould he find
But *Tony* he had left behind,
All nak'd as ever he was born,
(His fellows having at's return
(It ſeem'd) as fellows did of *Jay*,
Peckt all his borrowed plumes away)
About whoſe neck hung guts of beaſt,
VVhich he was nibbling with the reſt,
And with the foremoſt cutting it,
Like Tumbler upon hands and feet.
VVhich Merchant ſeeing to his grief,
So contradicting his belief,
And finding all his labour and coſt
Upon *Tony* wholly loſt:
In this ſort he him beſpoke,
"Fie *Tony*, fie, is this the hope
"I had of you? this all the fruit
"Of Scripture, and the Church to boot?
"And is it *Tony* a this faſhion,
"You converted have your Nation?

"To return like dog to vomit,
"And ſuch abominations commit,
"A Heathen would not doe ye, nor a
"Jew in *Sodom and Gomorrah:*
"Well well, I do perceive now by't
"'Tis hard to waſh a Black-moore white.
And much more to this purpoſe ſed
(Which very ſtones had molified)
All which no ſooner *Tony* heard,
But ſtanding warily on guard,
In Engliſh (running ſomewhat low,
Like ſmall beer on tilt does goe)
He this wiſe ſentence out did drivel,
"In *Ingeland muſh God, muſh Devil*;
"But here now it much better is
"Where neither God nor Devil is,
So whip ran *Tony* from the ſhore,
No ſetting eye upon him more.
By which ſtory's plainly ſhown,
Not reading Scripture 'tis alone
Brings us to heaven, but doing it,
And well obſerving what is writ.

XI. *IORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The Clownes misdirections on the way.* 2. *The description of a monstrous one.* 3. *And of a Country schoole.*

NExt morning I by break of day
Sadled Cut and rid away
To *Albury*, nine miles off, to see
Ladies who liv'd there, two or three;
Yet thither, as I am a sinner,
Arriv'd not untill after dinner,
Though horse was ne're in lesser dumps,
Nor ever more bestirr'd his stumps,
Such admirable faculty
I have in missing way, as I
Am sure, if there but two waies be,
To take the wrong one presently:
Whatever *Adamantine* force,
In wrong way is, draws me and horse,
Or howsoere it comes about,
Right way and I should still fall out;

By hook or crook certain it is,
My way I'm alwaies ſure to miſs.
VVhich coming home was more apparent,
Going ten miles about I warrant;
Thanks to direction of guide
I met ſometimes by high-way ſide.
4. Such ſure guide now is in clown,
Nere goes but to next market-town,
Nor ere other direction knows,
Than by his neighbour *Hobſon*'s cloſe,
Or *Jobſon*'s barn, he does ſuppoſe.
VVell as he your traveller knows;
Yet ſtill the way he'll underſtand,
Onely he'll miſtake the hand,
And left hand tell you oft for right,
As on th' hard names he chance to light.
So when a hundred by-waies is,
He'll tell you way you cannot miſs,
Be onely ſure to keep on right,
And put you in ſuch lab'rinth by't,
Dedalus skill, and *Hercules* pain
Can never lead you out again,
2. Amongſt the reſt I met with one
Clown (or never there was none)
Or Monſter rather you'd a ſwore,
For tusks he had like any boare,
Flat-nos'd, beetle-brow'd, blear-ey'd,
Crump ſhoulder'd, and wry-legg'd beſide,
You could not tell where Nature, or
Fortune had diſgrac't him more,

Re-

Reſolv'd at leaſt to diſgrace them,
As much, or more, than they did him.
This ſweet youth ſet me three miles right
Out of my way for very ſpight,
As plainly did appeare to me,
'Cauſe I had better face than he.

3. Mean time on way I chanct to heare,
As Country village I drew near;
A humming noyſe firſt, juſt as Bees,
That ſwarm 'bout hive, or hollow trees;
And then the more confuſed noyſes
Of a hundred ſeveral voyces,
Juſt like *Dawes* and *Pies* that chatter,
When wondring what ſhould be the matter,
At laſt drawn nearer, I heard ſtrait
A certain voyce articulate,
In ſcreaming accent *hic hæc hoc*,
As if ſome *Perroquit* had ſpoke;
And then another taking's *qu*,
Began to ſpell me *be ba bu*:
When what was't but a country ſchoole,
Or young *Bedlam*, if you will,
Where the whip is alwaies walking,
And they non-ſenſe alwaies talking.
For firſt incitement there is none
To learniug but the whip alone,
Incitement more for beaſts than men,
And for manners they agen,
Ill natu-e onely learn, and nought
But ill behaviour there is taught;

For

By hook or crook certain it is,
My way I'm alwaies ſure to miſs.
VVhich coming home was more apparent,
Going ten miles about I warrant;
Thanks to direction of guide
I met ſometimes by high-way ſide.
4. Such ſure guide now is in clown,
Nere goes but to next market-town,
Nor ere other direction knows,
Than by his neighbour *Hobſon*'s cloſe,
Or *Jobſon*'s barn, he does ſuppoſe.
VVell as he your traveller knows;
Yet ſtill the way he'll underſtand,
Onely he'll miſtake the hand,
And left hand tell you oft for right,
As on th' hard names he chance to light.
So when a hundred by-waies is,
He'll tell you way you cannot miſs,
Be onely ſure to keep on right,
And put you in ſuch lab'rinth by't,
Dedalus skill, and *Hercules* pain
Can never lead you out again,
2. Amongſt the reſt I met with one
Clown (or never there was none)
Or Monſter rather you'd a ſwore,
For tusks he had like any boare,
Flat-nos'd, beetle-brow'd, blear-ey'd,
Crump ſhoulder'd, and wry-legg'd beſide,
You could not tell where Nature, or
Fortune had diſgrac't him more,

Reſolv'd at leaſt to diſgrace them,
As much, or more, than they did him.
This ſweet youth ſet me three miles right
Out of my way for very ſpight,
As plainly did appeare to me,
'Cauſe I had better face than he.
3. Mean time on way I chanct to heare,
As Country village I drew near;
A humming noyſe firſt, juſt as Bees,
That ſwarm 'bout hive, or hollow trees;
And then the more confuſed noyſes
Of a hundred ſeveral voyces,
Juſt like *Dawes* and *Pies* that chatter,
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But ill behaviour there is taught;

For

For whilſt leſſon they repeat
Hat on fingers end they get,
(Not leſſon) which they twirle about
For pure feare of being out,
And legg make turning round juſt like
Jack o'th' Clock houſe 'bout to ſtrike.
Then for that ſame foole and aſſe there,
In vulgar language call'd *ſchool-maſter*,
With cloak of ſome old Herſe-cloath made,
Lining nor yet out-ſide had,
So thred-bare, thrice ſeven years 't had been
Ere any wool upon't had ſeen:
Poore fellow he knew nothing elſe,
But whipping boyes and ringing bells,
With a little of the *Pſalter*,
Which children in the ſchoole are taught there;
'Cauſe he underſtands that better
Far, than any other letter,
Which ſtrait the boyes to dogs eares tear,
Such deadly enemies to't they are;
And as oft as any's whipt there,
He falls (in anger) on the Scripture:
For *Solomons* ſaying, *words are mild,*
Spare the Rod, and ſpill the Child.
But dunces th'are, dunces they'l die,
So I went and left them, I:
And at laſt came home, though late,
Where whilſt adventures I relate;
I by 't onely this did gain,
To be well laught at for my pain.

XII. *JORNADA.*

THE ARGUMENT.

1. *The ridiculous adventure of a Miller.* 2. *A ſtory and fable well applied to the preſent time.*

NExt day returning towards *Kent*,
Leave I took, and way I went,
Where whip! in leſſe than piſsing while,
I out of way was gone two mile;
Whilſt verſes I was thinking on,
And wits a wool-gathering were gone.
But good luck was, on *Banſted* downs
I met my antient friends the Clowns,
(At dead lift as ſure as Sexton)
Who ſet me on my way to next town,
Saying, I to *London* thence might go,
Which what fool is't that does not know?
1. But bawking *London* way I went,
Jogging onward towards *Kent*;
When I chanc'd to ſee at *Dartford*,
(I'de like t' have laughed out my heart for't.)

Out

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Out

Out of Ale-houſe came a Miller,
To maid o'th' houſe was a well-willer,
VVho nimbleneſſe to ſhew and force
He had in getting up on horſe,
Yerks out legs, and ſo far ſtretches,
As point broke, and down fell breeches,
When ſhirt to nock that hardly came,
Owing him, it ſeems, a ſhame,
His *buttocks* all diſcover'd bare,
For froſt-biting expos'd to aire,
As I've Gentlewomen ſeen with face,
Not much well-favourder than's arſe,
He lying o're packſaddle all ſtript,
Juſt like ſchoole-boy to be whipt;
For's credit ſhewing her one trick more
Than ever ſhe had ſeen before.

2. A little farther I overtook
One, who did like *Doctor* look;
By his grave deportment, marry
He talkt more like *Apothecary*:
For being ſeſs'd ſome fifteen ſhilling,
More than he to pay was willing,
He, as loyns and back were broke,
Murmur'd moſt fearfully, and ſpoke
Treaſon, as much as might amount
To whipping, upon good account,
When I for danger on't might come,
Wiſht I were deaf, or he were dumb,
Who ſhud be loath that any ſtranger
Shud decoy me into danger,

Where

Wehre (in fine) to let him ſee,
He * eg-ſhel had to ſlave of me,
To ſtop his mouth did tell him ſtory,
To hear perhaps you'l not be ſorry,
How a certain *novice Frier*
Of his friend did once deſire
To know how he might live content
In the *Cloyſter* where he went:
When friend complying with's deſire,
Firſt bid him ſpeak well of the *Prior*.
Next, that by all means forbears
To intermeddle with affaires:
And laſtly, that he let things go
As th' were wont to do, ſo, ſo,
And never trouble himſelf agen,
With thinking of reforming them;
Obſerve but theſe three rules, ſaid he,
I warrant you'l contented be.

* *Ovum tondere.*

Lequi bene de priore.

Then fable told him for the nonce,
Story to confirm, how once
Land and ſea-fowl being together
(Though not birds of the ſame feather)
Land fowl gravely ſaid to tother,
What difference there's betwixt us brother!
When ſtorms do rage, and winds do blow,
As Earths foundations they'd orethrow,
Hoiſting the billowes up ſo high,
They ſeem to lave the ſea i'th' skie,
Without ſuffring any harm
From the wind, or from the ſtorm.

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From the wind, or from the ſtorm.

* *Ovum tondere.*

Lequi bene de priore.

In

In ſome tod of Ivie I,
Or ſome hollow tree, do lie.
Whilſt you on boyſtrous ſeas are toſt,
And laſtly i'th' wild deeps loſt.
With this bare Epitaph on grave,
Storms they lov'd, and ſtorms they have.
So whoſoever was not foole,
Follow ſhould the Friers rule,
And never over head and eares
Plunge, and ingulph them in affaires,
Elſe if they chance to get a laſh,
As Horſes head-ſtrong, wild and raſh,
The Rider's not in fault, but they
No better riders will obey,
Are for obedience onely born,
Nor ought they mean time think it ſcorn
Compar'd to be to th' noble beaſt.
In whom they much ſhould find (at leaſt)
To liken and aſsimulate
To every popular eſtate.
I'th' *Centaur* ſo when man and horſe
Joyn equally their wills and force,
How eaſie is the government,
And every one how well content?
Which diſagreeing ſtrait ye view,
Nought but confuſion does inſue;
Whilſt *Rider* Horſe does ſpur and check,
Or Horſe does break the *Riders* neck.
So much I, which having ſaid,
Doctor ſeem'd full well apaid;

And with this counſel way went he
Without ere paying me my fee.
As I at laſt did homewards wend,
So my *Diarium* did end,
Or *Journall* rather, chooſe you whether,
For th'are indeed but hard words either.

FINIS.

OTHER PIECES OF THE SAME AUTHOR.

To the Noble Company at *Lodge*.

The ſucceſſe of his Journey from thence.

I'M ſure you all remember well,
Amongſt the reſt at *Lodge* befell,
What wonders ſtrange *George Stroud* did tell.

How Alder-ſtick in pocket carried,
By Horſemtn who on high-way feared
His breech ſhould nere be gall'd nor wearied,

Although he rid on trotting Horſe,
Or Cow, or Cowl-ſtaff, which was worſe,
It had, he ſaid, ſuch vertuous force,

Where vertue oft from *Judas* came,
Who hang'd himſelf upon the ſame
(For which in ſooth he was too blame.)

Or 't had ſome other Magick force,
To harden breech, or ſoften horſe,
I leave 't to th' learned to diſcourſe.

This ſolemnly he did proteſt,
H'ad tried it twenty times at leaſt,
And well could write *Probatum eſt.*

But Pox, ſay I, of his *probatum*,
Has coſt me full ounce of *Pomatum*,
A dram of it I will not bate um.

For I had hardly rid a mile
But back-ſide was as ſore as byle,
Devil take Alder-ſtick the while.

And Devil take all clowniſh bummes,
As hard and ſtiff as braced drummes,
No harm unto them ever comes,

Whether

Whether they ride o're down or heath,
Trotting of dagger out of ſheath,
All's one to them, they're ſound beneath.

Whilſt I have ſuch a tender breech,
Leather I loſt in thongs would ſtretch,
From *Quinborough* to *Clements* reach.

Out-vying Madam *Tenderlet*,
Who crupper burſt with fart ſhe let,
All *France* they ſay does ring on't yet.

No *Snake* its ſlough had lately ſlipt,
No *Ele* that of its skin was ſtript,
No *School-boy* that was newly whipt,

Nor *Lady* faire with *Mercury*,
Skinning of new face, in does lie,
Was ere ſo raw and ſore as I.

Whence firſt I did moſt heartily
Commend me to Saint *Barthalmy*,
With putting it in Litany.

From horſe that trots as he would flee,
From faith in ſtick of Alder-tree,
And from gall'd breech deliver me.

This not doing, I changed ſtile,
And fell to curſe another while,
But breech ſtill was as ſore as boyle.

Then for another fit I'd try
The Mathematicks, and whether I
Could finde out by Philoſophy,

Whe'r Atomes were round or ſquare,
If in my breech there any were
(Now I had worn it to the bare)

Or elſe (in counting one by one)
How many trots, if horſe held on,
Would reach from hence unto the moon.

But theſe being queſtions too high,
(My horſe does know as well as I)
At laſt I fell to Poetry;

Which (though breech ſtill was ſore) at leaſt
In turning of it all to jeſt,
I of all ſhifts did finde the beſt,

Excepting when my breech I ſhift,
In giving it the gentle lift,
(For to ſave Leather was but thrift.)

When ſeeing of what ſeats I did choyce make,
You would have ſaid I ſhift did worſe make
Than ere did *Jack-an-Apes* a horſe-back.

But now to journeys end being come,
Commending me to all, and ſome,
You'l ſee Ile better look to bum,

And better look too (without jeſt)
How I believe of man or beaſt,
Agen, *George Stroud's probatum eſt.*

On Doctor Cuckold.

WHo ſo famous was of late,
He was with finger pointed at.
What cannot learning do, and ſingle ſtate?

Being married, he ſo famous grew,
As he was pointed at with two:
What cannot learning and a wife now do?

One buſie in Office.

WHo t' o'reſee others, makes too buſie haſt,
Moſt commonly overſees himſelf at laſt.

To his Horſe running in C. Park.

AFter my hearty commendations,
Hoping thou haſt nor bots nor faſhions,
Nor any other ſuch diſeaſe,
But art, as I am writing theſe,
In perfect health; theſe are to let
Thee underſtand I cannot yet
Come into country, and to tell
Thee all thy friends in town are well.
As alſo for to give thee ſome
Inſtructions how, untill I come,
Th'art to behave thy ſelf at paſture,
For the credit of thy Maſter.
Firſt then, for company of Mare
I need not bid thee to beware;
For the man that ſoundeth horn
Already has done thee that good turn:
But of Colt that flings and kicks
Be ſure thou learn no coltiſh tricks,
For fear thou put me to the pain
To bang them out of thee again:

So i'th' Park thou with the Dear
Maiſt freely feaſt, and never fear;
But howe're the world goes with thee,
Do not feaſt the dogs I prethee.
Then th'art to ſhun all company,
By whom thou maiſt deboiſhed be,
To run wandering about,
Till Baily ſeeking of thee out,
Thou to thy diſgrace be'ſt found
Laid by the heeles in country-pound.
But 'bove all, be ſure if Groom
With oats in peck do flattering come
To take thee up, thou keep aloof,
And trotting faſt away on hoof,
Neighing loud with head in wind,
Shew him faire pair of heeles behind;
For if once they get that haunt,
Employment thou ſhalt never want,
But muſt trot for every one,
Has any buſineſſe to be done:
Gray *Fleckno* here, Gray *Fleckno* there,
Gray *Fleckno* muſt go every where,
And now to *Rocheſter* they'l ſend
Thee, now again unto *Graveſend*,
Although't be but for new-laid egs,
Untill th'ave ride thee off thy legs:
To thoſe wo'd take thee up, then ſay
Thou haſt no ſhooes (as well thou may)

And till thou Maſters pleaſure know
Thou dar'ſt as well be whipt as go:
If that ſuffice not, gi'um, a kick,
I will bear thee out in it.
To end, ply thy buſineſſe, that
Is, to eat, and to grow fat,
And to chooſe thee out beſt paſture
For to feed on, that thy Maſter
Finding thee in fleſh and force,
May ſay indeed, Gramercy horſe;
So farewel, from town, where news
Is none, in *Smithfild*, nor at *Mewes*,
Which the Exchange is, and the Court
Where horſe of buſineſſe reſort;
But Cavalier for raiſing forces,
Having no more wit than horſes,
Are condemn'd, for ought we heare,
To keep all the horſe i'th' ſhiere,
Whilſt themſelves have left them none
But Hackney horſe to ride upon.
And this fine reward now they
Have got, for playing of horſe-play,
None pittying them for ought I know,
So th' innocent don't ſuffer too;
And thoſe who from the fault are free,
I'th' puniſhment invo'ved be;
For the reſt of newes in town,
That their Religion quite goes down.

That

That concerns thee nothing, who
No more haſt then a *Horſe* I know.
Beſides, thou never wilt grow fat,
Trouble thy head but once with that,
As we experience had in *Pouls*,
Where horſe (than thee, had bigger nowles)
Quartered, but did leaner grow,
Experience that does plainly ſhow:
Cathedrall Churches may make men
Fat, but make the horſes lean.
But what do I talk? this is diſcourſe
Too high for Maſter and for Horſe.

Io's Metamorphoſe into a Cow.

FAir maidens all draw nigh and hear,
A wondrous ſtory Ile tell you now,
How *Inachus* loſt his daughter,
Poor wench was turn'd into a Cow.

The Damſels name was *Io*, hight,
(As Clark and Pariſh-book do ſay)
A maid as beautiful, faire, and bright,
As one ſhould ſee in a ſummers day.

Her father was one of the River-*Gods*,
And water of's *urn* did onely look after,
Though better for him 't had been by ods
This once t' have lookt to's daughters water.

Who being the off-ſpring of a River
(As all your ancient Records tell)
None but this commendations give her,
That ſhe could make water excellent well.

At

At which as *Jupiter* one day found her,
A whorſon mightily given to the vice,
He laid her down as flat as flounder,
And whipt off her maidenhead in a trice.

When for to hide it from *Juno* his wife,
As arrant a ſcold as ever was born;
What did he for a quiet life?
But poor *Io* into a Cow transform.

When but imagine how troubled ſhe was,
When looking i'th' River, by which ſhe fed,
And in the water beholding her face,
She found ſh'ad a great paire of hornes on her head.

And think withall how it would puzzle
As faire a maid as went on the ground,
To ſee ſhe had got ſo ugly a muzzle,
You would not have kiſt her for twenty pound.

Next thing ſhe wondred at was her palat,
So ſtrangely chang'd ſhe did not know how,
As nothing would down with her now but ſallet,
And ſhe could eat graſſe as well as a Cow.

Then hearing with what a current ſhe piſt,
Full quarter of hour and never falter'd,
Alack and well aday, ſhe wiſt,
Her caſe muſt needs be mightily alter'd.

Then

Then having a rumbling in her belly,
And letting a fart as loud as a gun,
Her trouble impoſſible 'tis for to tell ye,
Concluding (alas) ſhe was quite undone.

For oh (thought ſhe) poor maid beguild,
And more than ever was any by half, (child
A my conſcience, indeed, to have got me with
This raſcally rogue has got me with calf.

And that which increas'd her ſuſpition the more,
Was her dropping of ſomewhat, when turning
It was not indeed the calf ſhe lookt for, (to ſee't,
But as flat a cowturd as ever was ſhit.

Yet ſee the force of imagination,
The thought of a calf ſo run in her head,
She thought th'ad all been calv'd a that faſhion,
And ſerv'd up in green-ſawce alive and dead.

When juſt her father came her in ſight,
Who had been ſeeking her many a day,
And was for her loſſe ſo woful a wight,
He even bepiſt him, the ſtory does ſay:

Who how he came to knowledge of's daughter,
As ſoon 'tis ſaid he knew her full well,
And alſo what became of her after,
Too long a ſtory 'twere for to tell.

In

In a word, let maids be warned then,
Be they of City, Countrey, or Court,
To make best of their time as they can,
And look that they never be *cow'd* at the sport.

And for your married wife, she will,
I hope of this counsel well allow,
Rather to make her husband a *Bull*,
Than suffer her husband to make her a *Cow*.

The

The Diſpute.

Portia belov'd by every one,
Into forreign Regions gone:
One day *Bellaria* the faire,
And brave *Villaſis* did compare
Affections, queſtioning whoſe loſſe,
And ſorrow for it, greateſt was;
While *Peg* from taile did never budge,
Betwixt them gravely ſate as Judge,
Juſt as *Paris* once 'twixt *Goddeſſe*,
Though the compariſon but odde is:
Firſt then there was great conteſt
Whether ſex could love the beſt;
When *Peg* being ſhrewdly put unto't,
Was at firſt a little mute,
Till after ſhe, like *Ape*, did chatter
Awhile, ſhe ſaid *'twas no great matter.*
Next was, who loved *Portia* moſt,
When *Peg* agen, who rul'd the roſt,
Still gravely ſitting on her bum,
Spitting thrice, and thrice crying hum,
Without moving off her arſe,
Said *She could tell no more than horſe.*
Another *Quere* then was mov'd
By *Portia*, who was moſt belov'd?

Which

Which queſtion mightily did puzzle
Our reverend Judge with fair black muzzle,
Untill at laſt, point-blank ſhe ſwore,
She was as wiſe as ſhe was before.
Another doubt they pitcht upon,
Was, where two equally could love one,
Or one equally could love two?
When *Peg* with her *te whit te whoo*,
So buſie was in cracking nuts,
She could not anſwer for her guts;
Who oft as any did perplex her,
Cried, *For Gods ſake they ſhould not vex her.*
In fine, when none of this would do't,
Villaſis put *Bellaria* to't;
Saying, mens hearts being farre more ſpacious,
Muſt needs of love be more capacious;
But fair *Bellaria*, whoſe wit
Yet never wanted Repartit;
And who in powerful reaſoning could
Diſpute and conquer when ſhe would,
Did womens hearts more tender prove,
And ſo more capable of love.
At this they call'd away to ſupper,
When *Peg* ariſing ſtrait from crupper,
Waddling before cried *fiddle faddle*,
Th'ad talkt, ſo th'ad, till head waa sddle,
And that 'twas, ſo 'twas very fit
She ſhould go drink to ſettle it.
Here I could tell what ſhe ſaid after,
To excite them unto laughter;

And what a feaſt ſhe made of wit,
Though devil a bit I ſaw in it,
Now ſerving in, in lieu of ſallet,
The ſtale ends of ſome old *Ballet*;
And for bak'd meats, then a ſtory,
That all muſty was, and hoary:
Then ſhe for ſecond courſe wo'd offer ye,
Of gibberiſh a Gallemawfrie;
And then for Muſick wo'd ſo humme,
You'd wiſh you deaf, or ſhe were dumb;
And when as none of all theſe took,
Tell ye how woodenly ſhe'd look.
But her drinking being that,
She ever was moſt excellent at,
Ile onely tell ye how a glaſſe
She took, that more than half pinte was,
And drinking't to them, on their peril,
Bid them not forget her *Squirril*.

Song.

The Mock-marriage.

YOu'r to be marr'd, or married, as they ſay,
To day or to morrow, to morrow or to day;
But be it as they ſay,
To morrow, or to day,
For your comfort yet I pray
Take this by the way,
Your women are but fickle,
Your Marriage-ware is brittle,
And 'twixt merry age
And marriage
Is difference not a little.

On

On the Juſtice of Peace's making Marriages, and the crying them in the Market.

SONG.

NOw juſt as 'twas in *Saturns* reign,
The Golden age is returned again;
And *Aſtrea* again from heaven is come,
When all on earth by Juſtice is done.

Amongſt the reſt we have cauſe to be glad,
Now Marriages are in markets made,
Since Juſtice we hope will take order there,
We may not be couſened no more in our ware.

So husbands ſhall have this commodity by't,
T' have wives by the weight, who are often too
And wives(to contentment of every one) (light,
Shall have husbands too(they hope) by the ſtone.

Nay perhaps in time they may think it fit
That Juſtice firſt night by bed-ſide ſhould ſit,
And carefully look (as in market they did)
That Juſtice too be done in the bed.

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Nay perhaps in time they may think it fit
That Juſtice firſt night by bed-ſide ſhould ſit,
And carefully look (as in market they did)
That Juſtice too be done in the bed.

So all incommodities would be prevented,
And every one would hold them contented,
And all debates in Marriage would ceaſe
When things were done by a Juſtice of Peace.

Beſides, each thing would fall out right,
And that old Proverb be verifi'd by't,
That Marriage and Hanging both together
When Juſtice ſhall have diſpoſing of either.

Now as for Ladies who may be ſo proud, (low'd
They won't go to market where things are al-
They may in their chambers (for ought I do know)
Have Weddings, and let the Marriages go.

And as for *Jone* of the Dairy, it may be,
Who counts her ſelf as good as my Lady,
Who knows, whilſt no body too does mark,
But ſhe may have a touch in the dark.

Let Parſon and Vicar then ſay what they will,
The cuſtome is good (God continue it ſtill)
For Marriage being a now Trafique and Trade,
Pray where but in Markets ſhu'd it be made?

'Twas well ordain'd they ſhu'd be no more
In Churches nor Chappels, then as before;
Since for it in Scripture we have example,
How buyers and ſellers were drov'n out o'th' (Temp'e.

Mean

Mean time God bleſſe the Parliament,
In making this Act ſo honeſtly meant;
Of theſe new Marriages God bleſſe the breed,
And God bleſs us all, for was never more need.

Of great Names.

I Who in former times obſerv'd have been,
Never to talk under a *King* and *Queen*,
Nor ever in diſcourſe t' have mention made,
But of what ſuch a *Duke* or *Dutcheſſe* ſaid;
With whom my *Lord* and *Lady*, ſuch an one,
As common was as now are *Jack* and *Jone*.
Now all thoſe names are almoſt tane away,
Am at a ſtand, and know not what to ſay,
And well could wiſh for ſuch an art as his,
Who wire-draw'd *Simon* to *Simonides*,
Or with the full-mouthd Spaniard adde an O
T' our names, to make them more reſounding ſo.
But yet it needs not, for conſider'd right,
Your great names no wayes are advantag'd by't,
'Tis not the ſound (next blaſt of air devoures)
That fills the mouth of fame, though it does ours;
But 'tis brave action onely dignifies,
And raiſes names of men unto the skies.
So *Ceſar* onely ſignified one,
Was cut untimely out his mothers womb,
Untill by's glorious actions he became
The honour and the glory of his name;
And *Cicero*'s was a ſcorned name, till th'Gown,
And civil pleadings, gave it ſuch renown.

So

So mighty names of *Kings* and *Emperours*,
Signifies nothing but the Soveraign powers.
This has in Warre, as t'other has in peace,
Duke leader of an Army, *Princes*'s
Principall persons, or in peace or war;
More still esteem'd, more absolute they are;
Which being so, this be th' conclusion then,
Great Actions make great Names, great Names
As once thē did you noble Heroes, so (great Mē.
Let's do great Deeds, and let the great names go,
Or rather, as those Worthyes did of *Rome*,
Let's do great Deeds, and the great Names will
(come.

To the Lady M. S. *departing in the beginning of* May; *under the name of* Cloris.

SONG.

Cloris if ere *May* be done,
You but offer to be gone,
Flowers will wither, green will fade,
Nothing freſh nor gay be had;
Farewel pleaſure, farewell ſpring,
Farewel every ſweeter thing;
The year will pine away, and mourn,
And winter inſtantly return.

But if you vouchſafe to ſtay,
Onely till the end of *May*,
Take it upon *Flora*'s word,
Never ſweeter ſpring was to'ard,
Never was *Favonian* wind
More propitiouſly inclin'd;
Never was in heaven nor earth
Promis'd more profuſer mirth.

Such

Such ſweet force your preſence has,
To bring a joy to every place;
Such a vertue has your ſight,
All are cheer'd and gladded by't,
Such a freſhneſſe, as does bring
Along with it perpetual ſpring,
Such a gaiety the while,
As makes both heaven and earth to ſmile.

On a faire Ladies ſinging, under the name of Celia.

PRetty mouth, which but to ſee,
Is alone ſuch Harmony,
That ſo hightned is the while,
Onely but behold it ſmile :
And but hear it ſpeak, is more
Muſique than it was before ;
How much more muſt 't be to boot,
Adde, at laſt, but ſinging to't ?

If Birds the eares can ſo delight,
Have no attraction of the ſight ;
And inſtruments deform'd can do't,
Th' ill-fac'd Viol, and crook-back'd Lute,
Think to what a vaſt account
Of rapture it muſt needs amount,
When ſo many numbers meet
All in one, of fair and ſweet.

When

When beauty, muſick, every grace,
That ere adorn'd a mind or face,
Every line, reſulting aire,
In one uniting ſweet and faire;
To raviſh us do all concur,
With ſo much excellency in her;
And whatſoe're we hear and ſee
In *Celia*, is all Harmony.

Doctor

Doctor FOR *and* AND:

A Dialogue betwixt Nobody, *the Doctors Admirer, and* Somebody, *that laughed at him.*

Nobody.

LIsten, I pray, what ſayes the Doctor there?
I warrant ſome brave ſtuff, if one could hear,
But loath I am to ſtretch mine eares ſo far,
As if they wire-drawn, or tenter'd were;
If Doctor but hold on as he begins,
He'l drive, I imagine, all the deadly ſins
In mouſe-holes ſtrait, nor *Peccadillio*
Shall ere hereafter dare its head to ſhow,
For Doctors zealous and Canonicall,
And in's fervour I know will damn them all.

Som.

Hang me if any thing I underſtand
Of all he ſaies, but onely *for* and *and*,
And that he paies, banging the pulpit there,
So moſt tyrannically, as you'd ſwear
(To heare how he does rage, take on, and bawl)
That down went *Dagon*, *Antichriſt*, and all,
That he had quite orecome both *Bel* & *Dragon*,
And *Whore of Babel* left with never a rag on.

Nob.

Nob. (done?

How! *For* and *And!* 'las, what have thoſe words
I wonder! Doctor ſhould ſo thunder them,
They are no *forraign* words I'm ſure, and ſo
Has (on that ſcore) no ſpight 'gainſt them I know,
And in conſcience, I dare ſwear, this is firſt time
That *For* and *And* were counted any crime,
Or any part of our Religion.

Som.

I think ſo too, wherefore hundred to one,
Our Doctor here with theſe ſame words did meet
Amongſt the learned Rabble in the ſtreet,
Whilſt *Robin Hood* (there) for and *Little John*,
With *Frier Tuck*, for and *Maid-marrian*,
Were troul'd in Ballad, and ſince like that wiſe
* Juſtice does note them for enormities. * ove. do

Nob.

Ye jeſt, but ſtrange that he ſhould look ſo big,
Squeeking like Ghoſt of a departing pig,
With ſo devoutly turning up the eyes,
Pronouncing words that nothing ſignifies;
Whilſt but to put the accent in wrong place,
Is for an Oratour as much diſgrace,
And ſhewes him (as you know) as ignorant juſt,
As *Fencer* knows not when to give a thruſt.

Som.

But what if theſe words have deep myſterie,
And *For* ſhould ſtand now for *Epiſcopy*,
And *And* for *Prebends*, hope you then will grant
That *For* and *And* at leaſt are *Proteſtant*.

Nob.

Nob.

Now heaven forbid, for then both *For* & *And*.
With them ſhud likewiſe baniſht be the land,
And we without them ſhud as puzzled be,
As freſhman without *If* and *And* you ſee.
No, rather h' inveighs againſt them a this faſhion,
'Cauſe *For* and *And* did word the Proclamation
Was made againſt them, ſo the Doctor, he
Does look on them, as *Proteſtant* enemy.

Som.

I knew ſome harm was ſignified by't,
Or Doctor 'gainſt bare words wo'd never fight,
Juſt like Knight-errant, whoRomance will tell ye,
Makes Gyants firſt i'th' air, & then does quell ye.

Nob.

Nay, we are bid 'gainſt ſpirits of the air,
To fight, you know, ſo 'tis no idle war:
Now, of all ſpirits, you muſt underſtand,
Dangerouſt of all is this ſame *For* and *And*.
For firſt, This *for* reaſon of things does give,
That's dangerous now in things w'are to believe:
Beſides this, *For* has with its reaſoning
Caus'd all diſputes i'th' world have ever been;
For *And* now he inveighs againſt it ſo,
'Cauſe it's a Conjunction copulative you know;
And 'gainſt it too does juſt exceptions take,
Since *&* with *c* does an *et cætera* make,
Which (in the ſenſe o'th' Doctor underſtood)
'S moſt wicked, abominable, and not good,

Point-

Point-blank 'againſt one of the commandements
Som. (ten.
Nay an't be ſo, 'tis well fought Doctor then:
Iõ triumphe, you the day have won,
Your enemy's vanquiſht quite, & overthrown,
For and *And*'s paid, and as in *Greece* it was,
Cuſtom t'erect a Tropheee on the place;
So on the pulpit We'll erect you on,
With this magnificent Inſcription.
If For *and* And *Grammer had never ſeen,*
Our Doctor here had ne're ſo famous been:
Then reaſon 'tis, as formerly in *Rome*,
They w're nam'd from enemies th'ad overcome;
W' our verbal Conquerour (no words can with-
Do call hereafter *Doctor For* and *And*. (ſtand)

On Madam Imperiale.

OF *Madam* it may well be ſed,
That *Madam*'s head has little wit;
When *Madam*'s husband is her head,
And *Madam* makes a foole of it.

On the Play of the life and death of Pyrocles, *Prince of* Tyre.

ARs *longa, vita brevis*, as they ſay,
But who inverts that ſaying, made this Play.

On his Cenſurer.

SPending thy judgement as thou do'ſt ſo faſt,
Thou needs muſt have no jugement left at (laſt.

The—'s humour, and reſolute way of wooing, when he is in King Cambyſes *vain, expreſs'd by way of Letter to his Miſtreſſe in his own words.*

Lady,

THough peradventure there's in nature
No ſuch rare and perfect creature
As your ſelf; and that you are
* Both fair, and more fair, and moſt fair,
Although your health too drink I can, thus
With hey *Abruſſo, multos, annos,*
Nay, though too, peradventure, I
So far may be in love with ye,
As by this hand 't muſt needs be granted,
I'm little better than inchanted,
Whilſt in my ſelf I do diſcover
All the ſymtomes of a Lover,
As you ſhall find my dainty Duckling,
In reading but of Sir *John Suckling*;
Beſides of *Agues* (I don't jeſt)
T' have twenty fits a day at leaſt;
T' have heats and colds, and ſuch a ſhivering,
In my life as I was never in;
And ſo many qualmes to boot,
Sir *Roger*'s love was nothing to't.

* *Lynda, muy, Lynda Lyndiſſima,*

On Madam Imperiale.

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That *Madam*'s head has little wit;
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Lady,

THough peradventure there's in nature
No such rare and perfect creature
As your self; and that you are
* Both fair, and more fair, and most fair,
Although your health too drink I can, thus
With hey *Abrusso, multos, annos,*
Nay, though too, peradventure, I
So far may be in love with ye,
As by this hand 't must needs be granted,
I'm little better than inchanted,
Whilst in my self I do discover
All the symtomes of a Lover,
As you shall find my dainty Duckling,
In reading but of Sir *John Suckling*;
Besides of *Agues* (I don't jest)
T' have twenty fits a day at least;
T' have heats and colds, and such a shivering,
In my life as I was never in;
And so many qualmes to boot,
Sir *Roger*'s love was nothing to't.

* *Lynda, muy, Lynda Lyndissima,*

Yet being in King *Cambyſes* vain,
All this I do recant again.
And tell you, as I've told you oft,
You all are *things below my thought*;
Nay confidently tell you too,
That I your *Gipſie tricks* do know.
And peradventure there's in Nature
No ſuch admirable Creature,
As I my ſelf am now, in King
Cambyſes vain that I am in.
All language ſo I do diſdain,
That's not of King *Cambyſes* vain,
And count all Letters low and vile,
That are not written in his ſtyle.
If then you pleaſe to have me, ſo,
(There are enough that will, I know)
If not, ſo too, I care not I,
You'l be worſe offer'd ere you die.
This benefit he does obtain,
Who is in King *Cambyſes* vain;
From bonds, and folly of Love he's free,
Whoſe foole or ſlave ſoe're he be.
This day and month that many are penſive,
'Bout Arms offenſive and defenſive,
And all your Proteſtant Miniſters
May even go and ſhake their eares,
Every one of them at leaſt,
Having their *quietus eſt*.
From this Antichriſtian town,
Where good White nor Claret's none;

But

But ſuch heatheniſh, gotiſh liquor,
Would hardly ſerve for Country Vicar;
For Waſſel bowl, for making Union
'Twixt Porters, nor for Welch Communion,
Makes me as heavy and as dull,
As *Botcher* you by noſe may pull,
As Alderman on bench, for ſloath
Does ſleep, far gone in Capon broth,
Or Lover, who for being denied
Laſt Saturday, went home and died.
From which ſad fate good Lord deliver
Your faithful ſervant now and ever.

Amen.

Yet being in King *Cambyſes* vain,
All this I do recant again.
And tell you, as I've told you oft,
You all are *things below my thought*;
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As Alderman on bench, for ſloath
Does ſleep, far gone in Capon broth,
Or Lover, who for being denied
Laſt Saturday, went home and died.
From which ſad fate good Lord deliver
Your faithful ſervant now and ever.

Amen:

On the Author of that baſe infamous Libel, lately writ againſt ſome Ladies of the town.

I Wonder where the Devil thou
Found'ſt language for to write ſo low?
Ballad-maker compar'd to thee
Might *Waller*, beſt of Poets, be.
Hadſt never a waterman for friend,
That might thee handſome railing lend,
Nor Oyſter-wench, nor Fiſh-wife might
Aſſiſt thy Muſe whilſt thou didſt write,
Nor Blew-coat-ſervingman (at leaſt)
Might furniſh thee with ſome ſtale jeſt,
But thou muſt write ſuch wicked ſtuff,
None can condemn nor damn enough,
Where there's nor Proſe nor Meetre neither,
But dregs and lees of both together.
We ſee in viands which we eat,
The Sawce ſometimes commends the Meat;
But thou for ſeaſoning what th'aſt writ,
Haſt not a dram of ſenſe nor wit,
Nor ought we may as much as call
Inſipid, but meer ſtinking all.
For Bawdry then thou offer'ſt at,
It is ſo impotent and flat,

It

It ſhewes thy Muſe a Proſtitute
That would ('tis true) but cannot do't.
This of thee's my opinion now,
If what the Ladies is thou't know,
They ſay the end a Poet has,
Being commonly to write for praiſe,
They ne're knew any one but thee
Did write before, for infamy;
Thoſe then are ſorry and aſham'd,
Onely whom thou haſt not nam'd,
Should count it high indignity,
Even to be prais'd by ſuch as thee:
Nor is this (I'd have thee know)
Impudence, but judgement now;
Thy Rhimes are all ſo leud and baſe,
Write to thine own, not their diſgrace.
None then thy name inquireth after,
Nor in anger, nor in laughter,
Nor does think thee worth a banging,
Nor a whipping, nor a hanging;
Whence whatſoe're is thy abuſe,
It in thy baſeneſſe findes excuſe:
So if thou't have thy name forgot,
Thou maiſt write ſtill, and ſpare them not:
If not, the more ſeverer ſort
Do wiſh thee fairely hanged for't,
And after ſung in Ballad-rhime,
Almoſt as villanous as thine:
Mean while, if thou but holdeſt on
Thy railing ſtyle as th'aſt begun,

Ile give thee this encouragement,
England no longer ſhall lament
Its ſcarcity of wood and tree,
For other cauſe but beating thee.

This I'ad in indignation
Writ, when diſcourteouſly one
O'th' Ladies diſobliging me,
For taxing her, I pardon thee.

A Lover(ſuch an one, as Simple *in love with Mrs.* Anne Page*) having bewrayed himſelfe, writes to Cupid in this manner.*

Cupid,

THis is to let thee underſtand
I'm deeply in love with Mrs. *Anne*,
And would for more than onely meeter,
That I could ſay the deeper th' ſweeter;
For I'm in love in ſuch a faſhion,
'Tis even as good as a purgation.
And now I thus much have expreſt,
You eaſily may ſmell the reſt.
Here perchance now ſome may ſay,
That I by this may Love bewray;
But they're deceiv'd, o'th' contrary,
'Tis my Love bewrayeth me.
Pardon me *Cupid*, I'd not ſed it,
But I knew 'twas for thy credit,
As 'tis for *Doctors* more repute,
To make their *Patients* go to't;
So 'tis for credit of the Patient,
To be bewrayed a this faſhion;
For firſt by it he does diſcover,
That he is no *Coſtive* Lover;
And next by *pickle* he's in again,
That he's no *raw* one, makes it plain;

Make

Make all then ſo themſelves beſhite,
And thou't become ſo famous by't,
Thou by the Colledge wilt be had away,
And ſtraitwaies made Doctor of *Padua*;
And thence return'd, each one will make thee his
Doctor, when thou com'ſt to practiſe,
And Phyſick only take of thee,
Haſt woman for Apothecary:
And that none may have ſiniſter
Surmiſe, of what thou doſt miniſter,
Thy *bitter pill* firſt, Miſtriſſes
Denial and refuſal is,
And thy *Alloes*, her frown
With Lovers bitterly goes down,
Thy *ſimples* (I would have them know)
Are men, when they in love do grow,
And when with miſtriſs he is found,
Then th'are thy Mixtures and Compound.

ERRATA.

PAge 17. line 21. read *the* Baboon, p. 20 l. 23. r. inſidious, p. 21 l. 15. r. fit 'twas, p. 23. l. 14. r. by *their* anſwer, p. 25. l. 14. r. waterman's, l. 28. and nothing'd have, p. 34. l. 12. r. could *come* no harm an, p. 36. l. 10. r. houſe *rent*, p. 40 l. 4 r. ſuch a *clatter*, p. 41. l. 8. r. dead *if ever* any *were*, p. 56. l. 7. r. is *your* clown, p. 61. l. 1. r. *who* (in fine) p. 65. l. 5. r. by *Horſeman*, l. 21. r. to *ſhave*, p. 75. l. 3. r. daughter *dear*, p. 77. l. 7. r. *inſtead*, p. 78. l. 12. r. as flat, p. 80. l. 26. r. *was addle*, p. [illegible]. l. 19. r. being *now a*.

FINIS.

Index

Jornada 1 — 1 page
Jornada 2 — 4
Jornada 3 — 13
Jornada 4 — 18
Jornada 5 — 23
Jornada 6 — 28
Jornada 7 — 33
Jornada 8 — 38
Jornada 9 — 43
Jornada 10 — 49
Jornada 11 — 55
Jornada 12 — 59
To ye noble company at Lodge 65
In Doctor Cuckold — 70
to his running in S. parke 71
Jo's Metamorphose — 75
The dispute — 79
Songe — 82
In Marriage by Justices — 83